

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1529.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

PRICE 4d.  
Stamped Edition, 5d.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

### ROYAL LETTERS.

*Letters of the Kings of England.* Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

ROYAL letters undoubtedly rank amongst the most important and interesting historical records which the activity of publishers and editors is daily bringing before the notice of the world; and so much has been done in this branch of literature, that we might almost express surprise that the present work has not long since been anticipated. There are few, we imagine, who can open a book of this kind and say they take no interest in the epistolary writings of the wise, mighty (must we add, and foolish?), men who have held the sceptre of their country; few who would turn away without curiosity from the letters of the lion-hearted Richard, those of the Defender of the Faith, or the laughable compositions of King Jamie. On this account we think a collection of the letters of the Kings of England as good a project of the kind as could have been imagined, and far more generally interesting than a miscellaneous selection. Had it been a collection of letters of royal and illustrious men, many a reader of the title-page would pause before he entered into an examination of documents unconnected probably with each other, and although useful, perhaps, to the historian, yet bearing no tangible continuity of design. The general reader is usually averse to a mere collection of shreds and patches; he requires a connected work, not an index to history on an extravagant scale.

Mr. Halliwell has, we think, succeeded in forming as interesting a selection of royal letters as any that has ever issued from the press. From the time of Richard I. to the Commonwealth, we have the sayings and doings of our sovereigns told by themselves in a manner far more interesting than in any work we are acquainted with. Our first extract is a very powerfully written letter from Richard Cœur de Lion when he was imprisoned in Germany:

<sup>1</sup> Richard I. to the Emperor of Germany, Henry V., when he was the Emperor's prisoner. A.D. 1196.

"I have been born in such a station as to give an account of my actions to none but God; but these are of such a nature, that I fear not even the judgment of men, and especially, sire, of a prince so just as yourself. My connexion with the King of Sicily ought not to have grieved you; I have been able to keep on good terms with a man of whose aid I stood in need, without justly offending a prince whose friend and ally I was. As for the King of France, I know of nothing that ought to have brought on me his ill-humour, except my having been more successful than he. Whether by opportunity or fortune, I have done those feats which he would have been glad to achieve: this is the sum of my crimes towards him. With regard to the King of Cyprus, every one knows I have done no more than avenge the injuries that I had first received; and, in avenging myself on him, I have freed his subjects from the yoke by which he oppressed them. I have disposed of my conquest. Was it not my right? And if there was any one who ought to have found fault with it, it was the Emperor of Constantinople, by whom neither you nor I have been very kindly treated. The Duke of Austria has too well revenged the injury of which he complains to reckon it still among the number of my crimes. He was the first to fail in causing his standard to be hoisted in a place where we

commanded, the King of France and myself in person. I punished him for it too severely: he has had his revenge twofold; he ought not to have any thing upon his mind on this score, but the consciousness of a vengeance that Christianity permits not. The assassination of the Marquis de Montserrat is as foreign to my character as my presumed correspondence with Saladin is improbable. I have not evinced, hitherto, such a dread of my enemies, as men should believe me capable of attacking their lives otherwise than sword in hand; and I have done mischief enough to Saladin to compel men to think that I at least have not been his friend. My actions speak for me, and justify my cause more than words: Acre taken, two battles won, parties defeated, convoys carried off, with such abundance of rich spoils (with which the world is witness I have not enriched myself), indicate sufficiently, without my saying so, that I have never spared Saladin. I have received from him small presents, as fruits and similar things, which this Saracen, no less commendable for his politeness and generosity than for his valour and conduct, hath sent to me from time to time. The King of France received some as well as myself; and these are the civilities which brave men during war perform one towards another without ill consequences. It is said that I have not taken Jerusalem. I should have taken it, if time for it had been given me: this is the fault of my enemies, not mine; and I believe no just man could blame me for having deferred an enterprise (which can always be undertaken), in order to afford to my people a succour which they could not longer wait for. There, sire, these are my crimes! Just and generous as you are, you, without doubt, acknowledge my innocence; and, if I am not mistaken, I perceive that you are affected at my misfortune."

Mr. Halliwell has committed a slight error in the address of this letter, as Henry VI. was Emperor of Germany during the period of Richard's imprisonment. The date seems also to be somewhat too late. While finding fault, we may as well say that the first letter in the volume was, in our opinion, not written by Richard I. but Henry II., probably in 1187, when the terrible news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin had just reached Europe. Montserrat should be *Montferrat*, a mistake made also by Sir Walter Scott, whose novel of the *Talisman* this letter well illustrates.

Our next specimen, which we select somewhat at random, for all are either important or curious, is a letter written by Edward II. in reply to one from the King of France, stating that he could not permit Isabella to return to him unless she were guaranteed from the evil that was meditated against her by the Spencers:

<sup>2</sup> Edward II. to Charles le Bel, King of France.

"Very dear and beloved brother,—We have received and well considered your letters delivered to us by the Honourable Father in God, the Bishop of Winchester, who has also discoursed with us, by word of mouth, on the contents of the said letters. It seems that you have been told, dearest brother, by persons whom you consider worthy of credit, that our companion, the Queen of England, dare not return to us, being in peril of her life, as she apprehends, from Hugh le Despencer. Certes, dearest brother, it cannot be that she can have fear of him, or any other man in our realm; since, *par Dieu!* if either Hugh or any other living being in our dominions would wish to do her ill, and it came to our knowledge, we would chastise him in a manner that should be an example to all others; and

this is, and always will be, our entire will, as long as, by God's mercy, we have the power. And, dearest brother, know certainly, that we have never perceived that he has, either secretly or openly, by word, look, or action, demeaned himself otherwise than he ought in all points to do to so very dear a lady. And when we remember the amiable looks and words between them that we have seen, and the great friendship she professed for him before she crossed the sea, and the loving letters which she has lately sent him, which he has shewn to us, we have no power to believe that our consort can, of herself, credit such things of him: we cannot in any way believe it of him, who, after our own person, is the man of all our realm who would most wish to do her honour, and has always shewn good sincerity to you. We pray you, dearest brother, not to give credence to any one who would make you otherwise suppose, but to put your faith in those who have always borne true witness to you in other things, and who have the best reason to know the truth of this matter. Wherefore, we beseech you, dearest brother, both for your honour and ours, but more especially for that of our said consort, that you would compel her to return to us with all speed; for, certes, we have been ill at ease for the want of her company, in which we have much delight; and if our surety and safe-conduct is not enough, then let her come to us on the pledge of your good faith for us. We also entreat you, dearest brother, that you would be pleased to deliver up to us Edward, our beloved eldest son, your nephew; and that of your love and affection to him you would render to him the lands of the duchy, that he be not disinherited, which we cannot suppose you wish. Dearly beloved brother, we pray you to suffer him to come to us with all speed; for we have often sent for him, and we greatly wish to see him, and to speak with him, and every day we long for his return. And, dearest brother, at this time the Honourable Father in God, Walter, Bishop of Exeter, has returned to us, having certified to us that his person was in peril from some of our banished enemies; and we, having great need of his counsel, enjoined him, on his faith and allegiance, to return forthwith, leaving all other matters in the best way he could. We pray you, therefore, to excuse the sudden departure of the said bishop, for the cause before said. Given at Westminster, the first day of December, 1325."

Mr. Halliwell has printed many letters which refer to the rise and progress of the reformed religion from the time of Wickliffe to Edward VI., and we think he will receive the thanks of most readers for taking the opportunity of laying them before the public. As he truly says, those who imagine the English Reformation only commenced in Henry VIII.'s reign have much to read on this subject. It is, however, rather a popular error, which these volumes will tend particularly to remove. The following letters exhibit the anxiety of Henry V. to suppress the Lollardic followers of Wickliffe:

<sup>3</sup> The King Henry V. to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, 1413.

"The King, &c., greeting. Inasmuch as we have been given to understand, that certain priests, not privileged by law for this purpose, nor licensed by the diocesan of the place, nor permitted by the church, who are said to be of this new sect of the Lollards, have been preaching in public places within the aforesaid city, and in the suburbs and vicinity thereof, in order to excite and win over some who are ill disposed to the Catholic faith

Enlarged 19.]

and the doctrine of holy mother church; and by their own rashness, and contrary to the laws and ordinances of the church, they have preached, nay, rather have profaned the Word of God; or, at least, under pretext of preaching, they have in such places been emboldened to propagate discord among our people and the pestiferous seeds of Lollardism and evil doctrine, after the manner of preachers; and as some of our people of our said city and its vicinity, under pretence of hearing such preaching, have assembled to those places, and have congregated together in large multitudes; and, in consequence, murmurs and seditious have in part arisen, and will probably arise, to the disturbance and no small marring of our peace, unless a remedy be more quickly applied to abolish such meetings and pull down such conventicles.

"We, desiring especially to provide for the defence of the Catholic faith, the laws and ordinances of the church, and for preserving our peace, command you, that you cause proclamation publicly to be made within our city aforesaid, and its suburbs, in every place where you shall find it expedient: That no chaplains, of whatever degree, state, or condition they may be, shall henceforward hold, cherish, affirm, preach, or defend such opinions, heresy or error, contrary to the decision of holy mother church; and that none other our lieges and subjects in this matter adhere to or abet them, or lend them counsel or assistance, under penalty of imprisonment of their bodies, and the forfeiture of all their goods and chattels, to our will and disposal. We further command and positively enjoin you, that if henceforth you shall be able to find within your bailiwick any such chaplains preaching and affirming publicly or secretly, contrary to the aforesaid rescript, or any other our lieges and subjects making conventicles and meetings, or receiving the same chaplains, or being under probable or great suspicion concerning the premises, or in any way counselling, favouring, or helping such chaplains in this matter, then arrest ye them without delay, and commit them to prison, there to remain until they shall obey the commands of the diocesan in whose diocese they may have preached, and it shall have been certified unto you accordingly by the same diocesan. And that also in the places aforesaid ye cause it to be proclaimed in our behalf, that no such chaplain presume hereafter to preach, contrary to the constitutions of the province published, without license, sought and obtained as a qualified literate; and that none of our lieges henceforward hear the same chaplains so preaching, or be present at such preachings on any pretence alleged, under the punishment and forfeiture aforesaid; and that all and every our lieges and subjects of our city and suburbs aforesaid comply with, obey, and attend to you and any of you, in the carrying out of the premises, under penalty of imprisonment.

"Witness the King, at Westminster, the 21st day of August, 1413."

*Henry V. to the Sheriff of Kent.*

"The King to the Sheriff of Kent, greeting. Whereas we are more fully informed, and it is notoriously and openly discovered, that very many our subjects of our kingdom of England, vulgarly called Lollards, have, by the agency, instigation, encouragement, abetting, and upholding of John Oldcastle, knight, who hath lately stood condemned of heresy, and is declared and pronounced a manifest heretic, according to the canonical decrees published on that behalf, have preached and caused to be preached divers opinions manifestly contrary to the Catholic faith; and have falsely and traitorously, contrary to their due allegiance, contemplated our death, because that we do take part against them and such their opinions, even as a true Christian prince, and as we are bound by the chain of our oath; and, whereas they have formed many other designs to the destruction as well of the Catholic faith as of the estate of the lords and nobles of our kingdom, as well spiritual as temporal; and they have purposed to hold various meet-

ings and other unlawful cabals, with a view to perpetrate their abominable project in this behalf, and desist not from daily plotting (as far as in them lies) to the probable destruction of our own person, and of the estate of the lords and nobles aforesaid; we, considering in what manner certain such Lollards and others, who imagined and designed our death and the other mischiefs and misdeeds aforesaid, have been taken for the before-named reason, and stand adjudged to death for this abominable act and purpose; and wishing to order and provide, in the best and most quiet manner possible, for the avoiding of the effusion of Christian blood, and especially that of our lieges whom, on account of our tender and special regard towards them, we desire, with our whole heart's intent, to preserve from the shedding of blood and corporal punishment; we command you, and positively enjoin, that in each place in your bailiwick, where you shall find it best, you cause to be proclaimed publicly on our behalf, that they, by whose agency, incitement, council, or information, the said John shall be taken or arrested, shall receive five hundred marks; and he that shall take or cause to be arrested the same John, one thousand marks, of our free gift, for his labour and his pains in this behalf; and that the citizens, burgesses, and corporation of the cities, boroughs, and other towns, who shall take and arrest the same John, and shall cause him to be brought before us, shall be quit and wholly exonerated for ever from all taxes, tallages, tenths, fifteenths, and other contributions whatever, to us and our heirs hereafter payable; and that we will cause accordingly to be made to them our letters patent under our great seal; and that in doing their own concerns, and in any lawful and honourable transactions whatever to be done towards ourselves, they shall find and have ourselves more than usually gracious.

"Witness the King, at Westminster, the 11th day of January, 1414."

We shall return to these very interesting volumes next week, the letters of "bluff King Harry" deserving special consideration. Mr. Halliwell has printed for the first time the complete series of that monarch's singular love-letters, and with his defence of the Roman Catholic Church in the first instance, and then his fulminations against Popery, we have rather a strange medley. Never, we believe, has Henry's character been so plainly exhibited to view; but we will not further forestall our own review, merely adding, that in this collection we have truly "fed of the dainties that are bred in a book," and bid farewell to them till next Saturday.

#### SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

*Peninsular Scenes and Sketches.* By the Author of "The Student of Salamanca." 12mo, pp. 258. Blackwoods.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and published on this theme, till we approach it with a distaste, in the expectation of merely finding a rifacimento of the old dishes, the present little volume proves to us that talent, like good cookery, can still produce something very relishing from the same cuisine. The author, in his preface, pretty well accounts for this, when he says: "So many writers, both soldiers and civilians, have found materials for their pen in the Spanish wars of the last fifty years, that it may be thought the subject is waxing threadbare; and, with any other country, the supposition would perhaps not be far from the truth. Not so, however, with Spain, where the strange mixture of barbarism and civilisation, the wild and romantic character of the people, and their clinging adherence to ancient habits and customs, give to everyday life all the charm of fiction. The irregular mode of warfare also which the Spanish peasantry particularly affect, and in which they so soon become adepts, affords great scope and excellent groundwork whereon to erect amusing and striking narratives. But there can be no doubt that the daring exploits and strange adventures of many a Spanish guerrilla would, if collected, form

a book not only more interesting on account of its truth, but more seemingly improbable, than any romance that has been written on the subject. So often, in real life, do events occur exceeding in strangeness all that can be devised by imagination."

Of such events he has contrived to acquire the particulars, and has dressed them up with so much skill and effect, that we hardly know where we could lay our hands on a more entertaining or interesting little book.

The "Passages in the career of the Empecinado" are each a romance, of power and variety extraordinary even for Spain; and the sketches of Marquinez and the Cura Merino, derived from the equally authentic authority of eye-witnesses, are no less singular and adventurous. To illustrate such a production we need hardly care where we dip, for it lays hold of us wherever we do, and it is no easy matter to tear off from the attractive page. Thus, on an occasion where the terrible Empecinado was betrayed by a mendicant and taken prisoner, we read of his partisans:

"'Nicolas!' exclaimed the butcher, 'has that crippled cur turned informer? Nay, then, let him keep clear of me. This very morning I gave him an alms and a bone; but, by the tail of St. Anthony's pig, a cudgel shall be his welcome when he next crosses my threshold.' 'Where is the bound?' cried another; 'tis but a moment since I saw his ill-omened visage in the crowd.' Before any search could be instituted for the mendicant, the house-door was thrown wide open, and the magistrates issued forth, preceding the Empecinado, handcuffed, but preserving his usual commanding gait and stern unquailing countenance, amidst the fixed bayonets of his guards. 'The Empecinado!' exclaimed Estaban the butcher, to whom Diez was personally known. A sorrowful groan ran through the crowd on learning the name of the prisoner; and the corregidor, apprehensive of a rescue, quickened his step, and ordered the escort to close well up. The force he could command, however, would probably have been totally inadequate to enable him to preserve his prize, had not the large number of French troops, quartered within a few hours' march of the Burgo de Osma, operated as a more effectual check on the populace. 'The Empecinado!' repeated Estaban, in the tone of a man stunned and stupefied. 'Ha!' roared he, and giving a bound that carried him across the street, and upset one or two of the bystanders, he grasped by the throat a figure that was endeavouring to steal away and follow the corregidor and his myrmidons. 'Help! murder!' shrieked the man, as well as his compressed windpipe would allow; 'help, Senor Corregidor!' 'Silence, traitor!' vociferated the butcher, and dashed his captive to the ground. Two or three lanterns were brought to the spot, and their light fell on the hideous face of the mendicant, now pallid and quivering with deadly terror. 'You betrayed the Empecinado,' said Estaban, placing his heavy foot upon the breast of the prostrate wretch. 'No! senor, no!' cried the beggar, 'tis false; I told no one of his coming.' 'You betrayed the Empecinado,' repeated the butcher in an unaltered tone, but pressing hard upon the chest of his victim. 'Mercy, senor!' shrieked the unhappy Nicolas. 'I betrayed him not, I knew not he was here.' The butcher's brow contracted, and he threw the whole weight of his body upon the foot which held down the beggar. 'Liar!' he exclaimed; and a third time he repeated, 'You betrayed the Empecinado.' The blood gushed from the mouth of the traitor. 'Pardon! pardon!' he gurgled in a quenched and broken voice; 'es verdad! 'tis true!' 'Who has a rope?' cried Estaban. Two or three were produced. The first sight that on the following morning greeted the eyes of the corregidor of the Burgo de Osma was the dead body of Nicolas hanging by the neck from a tree opposite his windows. A paper pinned upon his breast was stained by the blood that had flowed from his

mouth, but not sufficiently so to prevent the magistrate from reading the following words:

‘Los vendedores del Empecinado,  
Numero uno,  
Venganza!’

The corregidor could not repress a shudder as he turned from the window, and thought who might chance to be ‘numero dos.’

“This daring and significant demonstration, whose authors it was impossible to discover, owing to the fidelity with which the secret was kept, alarmed the authorities; and their first care was to send off to the village of San Esteban de Gormaz, where the nearest French detachment, consisting of three hundred infantry, was quartered, in order to obtain a sufficient guard for the important prisoner that had been made. These troops immediately marched to the Burgo de Osma; and as the intelligence of the Empecinado's capture spread, other parties, both of infantry and cavalry, kept pouring in, until in a very short time nearly three thousand men, commanded by a brigadier-general, were assembled in the town. The Empecinado having been arrested by the Spanish authorities, it was thought proper to go through the formalities of trying him by a civil tribunal, instead of subjecting him to the more summary operation of a ten minutes' strait and a dozen musket-balls, which would have been his lot had the French themselves been his captors. Accordingly, the corregidor was charged to get all ready for the trial, and to collect the necessary witnesses to prove the murders and robberies of which the Empecinado was accused; for the French had throughout affected to consider him as a mere bandit and highwayman, and as such not entitled to the treatment or privileges of a prisoner of war. The room in the town prison in which Diez had been placed was a small stone-floored cell, damp and cold, which the jailer, anxious to curry favour with the French, had selected as one of the most comfortable dungeons at his disposal. It had no window or opening looking out of the prison, but received air and a glimmering sort of twilight through a grating let into the wall that separated it from a corridor. Furniture there was none: a scanty provision of straw in one corner served the prisoner to sit and lie upon. His hands were free, but he was debarred from exercise, even such as he might have taken within the narrow limits of the cell, by weighty iron manacles, worthy of the most palmy days of the Inquisition, which were fastened upon his legs in such a manner as to prevent his walking, or even crossing his prison, otherwise than by a succession of short leaps, in taking which his ankles could not fail to be bruised and wounded by the severity of his fetters.

“One morning shortly after his incarceration, the Empecinado was lying on his straw bed, and reflecting on the circumstances of his position, which might well have been deemed desperate. But Martin Diez possessed, in addition to that headlong courage which prompted him to despise all dangers, however great the odds against him, other qualities not less precious. These were, an unparalleled degree of fortitude, and a strength of mind enabling him to bear up against sufferings and misfortune that would have reduced most men to dependency. However abandoned by friends, and shunned in his own resources, he never allowed himself to despair; and it was this heroic spirit, added to great confidence in his physical energies, that, fifteen years later, when he was led out to execution, prompted the most daring attempt ever made by a prisoner to escape, naked and weaponless, from a numerous and well-armed guard.”

The description of the escape is finely characteristic; and at its close, after overcoming the jailer and lawyer, we are told:

“They had as yet only surmounted a part of their difficulties, and much remained to be done before they could consider themselves in safety. It is

true they had the keys, and could unlock the door and walk out of the prison, but the streets were swarming with French soldiers, through whom they would have to run the gauntlet before getting out of the town. To do this with less chance of detection, they returned to the dungeon, and taking the clothes off its present inmates, put them on themselves. Cambea took possession of the lawyer's three-cornered hat, and Diez of that of the alcaide, and then arranging their cloaks in such a manner as to conceal the greater part of their faces, they walked out of the principal gate of the prison, carefully shutting it after them, and passing unsuspected through the French soldiers on guard. Fortunately, as it was the hour of high mass, all the town's people were in the church, and the French took no notice of the two fugitives, as they walked through the streets with grave and deliberate pace, studiously avoiding any appearance of haste, lest it might lead to detection. In this manner they had nearly got out of the town, when they perceived an orderly dragoon holding two horses, saddled and bridled, at the door of a house, apparently waiting for some officer of rank who was about to take a ride. The Empecinado had found in a pocket of his borrowed garments a box full of that excessively fine and pungent snuff, called in Spain the *encarnado de los frailes*. Emptying the contents into his hand, he walked up to the soldier, and asked to be directed to the quarters of the general commanding. While the man was answering him, Diez threw the snuff in his face and eyes, and, opening his cloak, gave him a buffet that stretched him, stunned and blinded, upon the ground. Then, seizing his drawn sword, he sprang upon the officer's horse, and Cambea mounting that of the dragoon, they succeeded in passing the town-gate unchallenged. They had not been clear of the town five minutes, when they heard trumpets sounding and drums beating to arms, and soon the road in their rear was covered with light cavalry in hot pursuit. But their horses were good, the start they had was sufficient, and they speedily reached the mountains. Three days afterwards the Empecinado had rejoined Mariano Fuentes, and was again at the head of his band.”

Soon after, in an action with the French, the latter were beaten and “pursued for some distance by the guerillas, who, however, only succeeded in making one prisoner. This was a young man in the dress of a peasant, who, being badly mounted, was easily overtaken. On being brought before the Empecinado, the latter, with no small surprise, recognised a native of Aranda, named Pedro Gutierrez, who was one of the emissaries he had sent out two days previously to get information concerning the movements of the enemy. With pale cheek and faltering voice, the prisoner answered the Empecinado's interrogatories. It appears that he had been detected as a spy by the French, who had given him his choice between a halter and the betrayal of his countrymen and employers. With the fear of death before his eyes, he had consented to turn traitor. The deepest silence prevailed among the guerillas during his narrative, and remained unbroken for a full minute after he had concluded. The Empecinado's brow was black as thunder, and his features assumed an expression which the trembling wretch well knew how to interpret. ‘Que podia hacer, señores?’ said the culprit, casting an appealing, imploring glance around him. ‘The rope was round my neck; I have an aged father, and am his only support. Life is very sweet. What could I do?’ ‘Die!’ replied the Empecinado, in his deep stern voice—‘die like a man then, instead of dying like a dog now!’ He turned his back upon him, and ten minutes later the body of the unfortunate spy was dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and the guerillas marched off to seek another and a safer bivouac.”

We are sorry that we can do no more than serve up *dijunteta membra* of these stirring tales to indicate their nature; but we may return again to a

work which affords so vivid a picture of the savage guerilla warfare which desolated, and is ever ready to desolate, the beautiful, fruitful, and unhappy country.

#### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

*Anecdotes of Dogs.* By Edward Jesse, Esq.; author of “Gleanings in Natural History,” &c. 4to, pp. 336. London, R. Bentley.

To sit down on our stool to review this delightfully illustrated book is something like getting into the saddle to go out with the hounds. We look around, and there are all the animals as lively as spring. For a whipper-in, no one could be more *au fait* than Mr. Jesse, who seems to be quite familiar and intimate, as it were, with every dog in the pack, knowing as much of their breeds, habits, and characters, as if he were himself of the same genus, the very son of a dog. Then the tail-pieces are so *apropos*, and the whole got up in so good a style, that we feel our admiration for the whole species increase as we contemplate their variety and beauty; as our veneration for their intellect is greatly augmented whilst we read these true stories of their humanity, courage, sagacity, and general talent, not to say genius. Man, indeed, ought to love dogs, in return for the affection they display towards man. Yet Mr. Jesse is not quite sure whether or no they are the reclaimed descendants of the wolf, though he inclines to consider them a distinct race, and unquestionably no connexion with Reynard the Fox. Thus, says he:

“We dismiss the fox as an alien to the dog, or at all events as a distinct species. Then comes the claim of the wolf as the true original of the dog. Before considering this, let us revert to the question of what constitutes a species. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that it is the power of breeding together and of continuing the breed with each other; that this is partially the case between the dog and the wolf is certain, for Lord Clanbrassil and Lord Pembroke proved the fact beyond a doubt above half a century ago, and the following epitaph in the garden at Wilton House is a curious record of the particulars:

Here lies Lupa,

Whose grandmother was a wolf,  
Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose  
Mother was half wolf and half dog.  
She died on the 16th of October, 1782,  
Aged 13 years.

Conclusive as this fact may appear, as proving the descent of the dog from the wolf, it is not convincing, the dog having characters which do not belong to the wolf. The dog, for instance, guards property with strictest vigilance, which has been entrusted to his charge; all his energies seem roused at night, as though aware that that is the time when depredations are committed. His courage is unbounded, a property not possessed by the wolf: he appears never to forget a kindness, but soon loses the recollection of an injury, if received from the hand of one he loves, but resents it if offered by a stranger. His docility and mental pliability exceed those of any other animal; his habits are social, and his fidelity not to be shaken; hunger cannot weaken, nor old age impair it. His discrimination is equal, in many respects, to human intelligence. If he commits a fault, he is sensible of it, and shews pleasure when commended. These, and many other qualities which might have been enumerated, are distinct from those possessed by the wolf. It may be said that domestication might produce them in the latter. This may be doubted, and is not likely to be proved: the fact is, the dog would appear to be a precious gift to man from a benevolent Creator, to become his friend, companion, protector, and this indefatigable agent of his wishes. While all other animals had the fear and dread of man implanted in them, the poor dog alone looked at his master with affection, and the tie once formed was never broken to the present hour.”

The preliminaries of the family tree being settled, our author proceeds to tell us anecdotes of

“The betrayers of the Empecinado—number one—vengeance!”

wolf-dogs, Newfoundlands, collies, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, terriers, spaniels, poodles, Esquimaux, greyhounds, pointers, pugs, turnspits, foxhounds, beagles, mastiffs, and bulldogs; all in that gossiping, light-reading manner which is calculated to make a performance of the sort so popular. Let it be our task to unkennel a few samples of these anecdotes, choosing such as we think may be either new or least known, and, by way of criticism, add a few analogous specimens from our own canine budget. We pass at once to the colley, of which Mr. Jesse relates:

"A lady of high rank has a sort of colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if he is told to ring the bell when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, 'Ring the bell, dog.' The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his bow bow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him, 'Don't you hear what I am to ring the bell for you?—come to my lady.' His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say—if he could—"It is all right now."

And again:

"At Albany in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a half a quarter of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on one day only neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on the arrival of the next mail buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

[By the way, the word "usually" spoils this story; for if the reward were not constant, the revenge for the omission of one day only could not be accounted for.] The Newfoundland has always been noted for remarkable intelligence; and Mr. Jesse tells:

"Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shews the sense, and I am almost inclined to add reason, of the Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, none of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time."

"A gentleman had a pointer and Newfoundland dog which were great friends. The former broke his leg, and was confined to a kennel. During that time, the Newfoundland never failed bringing bones and other food to the pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend."

"During a period of very hot weather, the Mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets should be secured by the police, and removed to the prison-yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a ship-owner of the port, who, with several others, was tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then, hearing the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined

them, and had succeeded in three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the jailor."

"A gentleman, from whom I received the anecdote, was walking one day along a road in Lancashire, when he was accosted, if the term may be used, by a terrier-dog. The animal's gesticulations were at first so strange and unusual, that he felt inclined to get out of its way. The dog, however, at last, by various significant signs and expressive looks, made his meaning known, and the gentleman, to the dog's great delight, turned and followed him for a few hundred yards. He was led to the banks of a canal which he had not before seen, and there he discovered a small dog struggling in the water for his life, and nearly exhausted by his efforts to save himself from drowning. The sides of the canal were bricked, with a low parapet wall rather higher than the bank. The gentleman, by stooping down, with some difficulty got hold of the dog and drew him out, his companion all the time watching the proceedings. It cannot be doubted but that in this instance the terrier made use of the only means in his power to save the other dog, and this in a way which shewed a power of reasoning equally strong with that of a human being under a similar circumstance."

To match this we may as well here relate the following yet more wonderful fact. A dog was one day accidentally run over by a "shay-cart" in Portland Street, and had his leg broken; which being witnessed by a humane surgeon living near, he took the creature up, and dressed the limb carefully with splints, &c., and restored him to his grieving master, with whom he was a mighty favourite. As he got better he was from time to time carried to the doctor's to have his wound dressed. By and by he got well enough to limp there by himself, and finally, when quite restored, the habit had grown so confirmed with him, that he used every now and then to make a grateful and friendly call by way of acknowledging the service which had been done him. Such was the state of affairs, when one evening his well-known scratch and tapping at the surgery door was heard more impatiently than was wont, and when it was opened to him he walked in with a companion dog who had got a severe hurt on his leg, and was accordingly brought and recommended as a patient, for similar bandages and lotions to those he had found effectual in his own dilapidated case."

Mr. Jesse goes on with other instances of sagacity.

"A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved."

"An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, has remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. This fact favours the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. He is a cross with the Newfoundland breed, and besides

his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shews his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbour is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at their door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or anything he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased at being allowed to lead his master's horse to the stable."

We regret that Mr. Jesse does not appear to have seen the wonderful dogs which were exhibited some year or two ago in the Quadrant, one of which beat us at dominos, as recorded in our faithful chronicle at the time; and both of them performed feats of sagacity which could not be explained by any process short of human reasoning power. Learned dogs have been in numbers, but these French scholars (something like Spanish pointers in form) were the most marvellous ever witnessed. Not that London dogs are destitute of a sort of cockney ability. We knew one who was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, hot as fire, just out of the oven, which he instantly dropt, seized his money off the counter, and from that day changed his baker. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better behaved tradesman."

Of a colley we have the following from Mr. Jesse:

"The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundred. He then went away, and, at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night-time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them."

These creatures do such acts on the Scottish mountains in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks, that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of voice is sufficient to regulate all the movements; and you may see them a mile or two miles off, on top of hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. We saw a colley once in Perthshire take a flock of sheep to Falkirk Tryst, or Fair; and the road was dusty, he chose to indulge his change occasionally with a bit of green walk and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in the hedge, he bounded into the field and ran on to the farther extremity on his route; if he found it opening there, he returned and drove the sheep to the pasture to pick up a little on their way—when he occupied the gap, and resolutely denied the entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road."

Mr. J. affirms that the greyhound, if kindly treated, is as sensible as other dogs: not so the

pug. But the pointer is one of the most sagacious—and his action in sporting is highly eulogised. On Monday we saw a water-spaniel which was so fond of duck-shooting, that when very hungry his owner threw him down a piece of meat, and at the same moment took up his gun to go upon the deck of the yacht; and the animal left his food untouched to leap upon deck to see the piece discharged. This fellow liked also a sport of his own, which consisted in catching crabs in the water and giving them a crunch betwixt his jaws, which spoilt their swimming for ever after he had dropt their mangled shells. This species is closely allied in acuteness to the Newfoundlanders; of whom Mr. J. farther relates:

"A Newfoundland dog of the true breed was brought from that country, and given to a gentleman who resided near Thames Street, in London. As he had no means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, he sent him to a friend in Scotland by a Berwick smack. When he arrived in Scotland, he took the first opportunity of escaping, and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back to his former residence on Fish Street Hill, but in so exhausted a state that he could only express his joy at seeing his master, and then died. So wonderful is the sense of these dogs, that I have heard of three instances in which they have voluntarily guarded the bed-chamber doors of their mistresses, during the whole night, in the absence of their masters, although on no other occasion did they approach them."

Again:

"A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool. On arriving at it, some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as during the bustle he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognised his former acquaintance waiting to greet him. A similar circumstance happened to some hounds sent by the late Lord Londale to Ireland. Three of them escaped from the kennel in that country, and made their appearance again in Leicestershire. The love of home, or most probably affection for a particular individual, must be strongly implanted in dogs to induce them to search over unexplored and unknown regions for the being and home they love."

We will not swear to the truth of the following, but we heard it on the spot, at Limehouse, near unto Blackwall. A dog attached to the yard of a leading shipbuilder there was stolen by a sailor, and concealed on board a vessel bound for India and China. In the Chinese seas the vessel was attacked by pirates, and after a sharp battle, driven ashore and destroyed. Almost the entire crew perished; but what was the astonishment in the building yard when, months after, the dog made his appearance, having, by some means or other, found his way back from China and dark pirates to the neighbourhood of white-bait banquets on the banks of the Thames! Two more anecdotes from our author, and two more of our own, and we have done with the dogs:

"A mastiff belonging to a tanner had taken a great dislike to a man, whose business frequently brought him to the house. Being much annoyed at his antipathy, and fearful of the consequences, he requested the owner of the dog to endeavour to remove the dislike of the animal to him. This he promised to do, and brought it about in the following manner, by acting on the noble disposition of the dog. Watching his opportunity, he one day, as if by accident, pushed the dog into a well in the yard, in which he allowed it to struggle a considerable time. When the dog seemed to be getting tired, the tanner desired his companion to pull it out,

which he did. The animal, on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, as if sensible that he had saved his life, and never molested him again; on the contrary, he received him with kindness whenever they met, and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home."

Count D'—y had a large barbel, so wonderfully acute, that he alarmed the whole household during a night with the fiercest demonstrations of aroused and angry watchfulness. It was ascertained the next day that it was the tread of a stranger policeman on the road which had awakened his suspicion and fury.

"The following anecdote (says Mr. J.), which was sent me by the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, proves the sense and observation of a spaniel. He possessed one which was a great favourite, and a constant companion in all his rambles. One day, in passing through a field of young turnips, he pulled up one of them, and after washing it carefully in a rivulet, he cut off the top, and eat the other part. During this time the dog eyed him attentively, and then proceeded to one of the growing turnips, drew it from the earth, went up briskly to the rivulet, and after dashing it about some time, till he caused the water to froth considerably, he laid it down, and holding the turnip inverted, and by the top, he deliberately gnawed the whole of it off, and left the top, thus closely imitating the actions of his master."

And we vouch for the following:—A gardener's dog, who had watched his master at work, one showery day, when he saw him go into the cottage to eat his dinner, immediately set about imitating him, so that when he came out again he found *Leeks* (that was his name) *diligently planting cabbages*!!!

#### CENTO.—POETRY.

*A Book of Highland Minstrelsy.* By Mrs. D. Ogilvy. With illustrations by R. R. M'lan. 4to, pp. 272. London, Nickisson.

LIKE the genius of Byron, the early poetic feeling of our present author must have been nurtured amid the inspiring haunts of the

"Land of the mountain and the flood,"

to which she has now returned with all the fervour of youthful affection, and the admiration increased by distance and absence. Of the natural effect of scenery and climate upon ingenuous minds there is no question. The heavenly spark may be born elsewhere, in the midst of cities close y-pent, among simple meads and rural lanes, by the mechanic's chair, or the rustic labourer's team; but where the grand features of nature abound, there is, as it were, an atmosphere of inspiration breathed upon every living soul around, and more or less acknowledged as the spirit is more or less attuned to the universal impression. To speak in the language of trade, there is accordingly out of this condition of things a greater average of product; and whilst the town and the plain yield an occasional bard to swell the national harmony, the mist-crowned hill, the roaring cataract, the alternately placid and foaming river, the tremendous rock, the ever-varying face of the inorganic world, the loneliness and the wildness of the day as well as the night, all tend to raise a crowd of worshippers out of which spring the happy few who reach the temple of fame. Among these, we would rank Mrs. Ogilvy.

In the work before us she has embalmed some of the strongest and most touching of Scottish emotions, and embodied some of the most stirring of Highland legends. The memories of misfortunes ever deplored in exile and suffering furnish one class of themes; and dark superstitions, whether raised on deeds of blood or of elder origin in the supernatural of remote ages, are the fertile source of another order of strains. In both the writer has evinced much power, as we trust we can make manifest by a very limited reference to this attractive volume.

Passing by the "Exile of Culloden," the "Lady

of Lovat," and "Dunfallandy," of historical character, and the "Rock of the Raven," a different record of by-gone days, we come to the "Imprecation by the Cradle," founded on a family anecdote, and wrought out with a depth of passion of the most affecting description.

#### "PART I.

Slumber sweet, my babe,  
Slumber peacefully,  
Mickle grief and mickle wrang  
I have borne for thee!

Hush thee, heir of sorrow!  
Sleep and sleep away  
All of thy fause father's heart  
Mingled with thy clay.

Dimna wear his likeness,  
Dimna smile his smile;  
I should hate thee, innocent,  
For that look of guile!

Dimna speak his accents,  
Lest my heart of fire  
Spurn the child for blandishments  
Borrowed from the sire.

Faint with mother-anguish,  
From my bed I rose,  
Kamed the locks he praised so weel,  
Donned my richest clothes,

Danced among the blythest,  
Gay as any bride,  
All the weakness of my limbs  
Iron-braced by pride.

Fair is Lady Ellen,  
He her hand did hold,  
Breathed to her the flatteries  
Breathed to me of old.

Dancing down the measure,  
Ner his thoughts could be  
How to him a child was born  
That dark day by me.

Oh, ye dreams of vengeance,  
Which the injured haunt,  
If ye come like evil powers  
Evil prayers to grant,

Cursed be his union!  
Cursed be his name!  
Trodden in forgetfulness,  
Blotted out in shame!

Barren be his wedlock,  
Desolate his hearth,  
Never may his ancient halls  
Echo children's mirth.

Childless Lady Ellen!  
Never may her hand  
Rock the cradled little one,  
Heir of all her land.

Land and lordly glories  
Passing to another,  
Never may a lawful heir  
Mock his elder brother!

Slumber sweet, my babe,  
Slumber peacefully,  
Mickle grief and mickle wrang  
Life has yet for thee!

#### "PART II.

Slumber sweet, my mother,  
Slumber peacefully,  
Dimna heed the grief and wrang  
Life has brought to me!

Dimna heed the scorning  
Of thy haughty kin,  
Dimna weep sae bitterlie  
Lang repented sin!

Dimna heed the portion  
Lawful heirs enjoy,  
Forfeit lands and forfeit name  
Wrested from thy boy.

Dimna weep the traitor  
Who thy youth betrayed,  
Wooded thee in the sunny time,  
Left thee in the shade,

For the curse is working,  
At my birth conjured,  
Sharper griefs are piercing him  
Than thyself endured!

Lonely are his castles,  
Desolate his halls,  
Never child hath propped the house  
Which to ruin falls.

Hate is in her bosom,  
Who the long night lies  
Gazing in his haggard face  
With unquiet eyes.

Crazed is Lady Ellen,  
She whose beauty won  
Lover from his plighted bride,  
Father from his son.

Crased is Lady Ellen,  
Yet her madness knows  
Horror for his perjury,  
Pity for thy woes.  
Softly sleep, my mother,  
He can sleep no more,  
Fearfulness and gaunt remorse  
Knocking at his door.  
Outcast from my lineage,  
He to me denied  
Father's love and father's name,  
Wealth, and rank, and pride;  
Yet my blood is burning  
With ancestral fires,  
And the glory of the child  
Shall outshine the sire's.  
And the landless soldier,  
From the gory field,  
From the ramparts won shall carve  
His unspotted shield.  
Softly sleep, my mother,  
Slumber peacefully,  
Justice for its cruel wrong  
Life shall yield to me!"

The contrast of the two parts is so exceedingly fine, that we could not find in our heart to omit a stanza from the whole. The "Old House of Urrard" is another captivating poem; some skeletons discovered in making later repairs revived the recollection of horrors which were enacted within its walls at the battle of Killcricankie; since when it has been haunted, as vividly described by the author; and the verse thus concludes:

"In the ancient house of Urrard  
There's many a hiding dea,  
The very walls are hollow  
To cover dying men;  
For not e'en lady's chamber  
Barred out the fierce affray,  
And couch and damask-curtain  
Were stained with blood that day.  
And there's a secret passage,  
Whence sword, and skull, and bone,  
Were brought to light in Urrard,  
When years had passed and gone.  
If thou sleep alone in Urrard,  
Perchance in midnight gloom  
Thou'lt hear behind the wainscot  
Of that old haunted room  
A fleshless hand that knocketh,  
A wall that cries on thee,  
And rattling limbs that struggle  
To break out and be free.  
It is a thought of horror—  
I would not sleep alone  
In the haunted rooms of Urrard,  
Where evil deeds were done.

Amid the dust of garrets  
That stretch along the roof,  
Stand chests of ancient garments  
Of gold and silken woof.  
When men are locked in slumber  
The rustling sounds are heard  
Of dainty ladies' dresses,  
Of laugh and whispered word,  
Of waving wind of feathers,  
And steps of dancing feet,  
In the garrets of old Urrard,  
Where the winds of winter beat.

By the ancient house of Urrard  
Its guardian-mountain sits,  
Whene'er those sounds arouse him  
His cloudy brow he kurls;  
For he the feast remembers,  
Remembers eke the fray,  
And to him fit the spectres  
At breaking of the day.  
There under mossy lichen  
They couch with hare and fox,  
Near the ancient house of Urrard,  
'Mong Ben-y-Vrachy's rocks."

The only other piece (of the twenty-nine in all) to which we shall refer is the "Spinning of the Shroud," which relates to the ancient Highland custom for a newly-made bride immediately to begin the spinning of yarn for her dead-clothes. After describing a marriage, Mrs. Ogilvy thus inspires her peasant-bride with song as she spins the gloomy garment for the grave:

"Slowly reel, threads of doom;  
Slowly lengthen, fatal yarn;  
Death's inexorable gloom  
Stretches like the frozen tarn,  
Never thawed by sunbeams kind,  
Ruffled ne'er by wave or wind.  
Man beholds it, and is still,  
Daunted by its mortal chill;  
Thither haste my helpless feet  
While I spin my winding-sheet!"

Summer's breath, divinely warm,  
Kindles every pulse to glee;  
Fled are traces of the storm,  
Wintry frost and leafless tree;  
Shakes the birch its foliage light,  
In the sun the mists are bright;  
Heaven and earth their hues compound,  
Scattering rainbows on the ground;  
Life with rapture is replete  
While I spin my winding-sheet!  
Summer's voice is loud and clear,  
Lowing kine and rippling swell;  
Yet beneath it all I hear  
Something of a funeral knell.  
Sings the linnet on the bough,  
Sings my bridegroom at the plough,  
Whirrs the grouse along the brake,  
Flash the trout within the lake,  
Soft the merry lambkins bleat  
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Thatched with mosses green and red,  
Blooming as a fairy hill,  
Lifts my home its cheerful head  
By the ever-leaping rill.  
Lo! its future inmates rise,  
Gathering round with loving eyes;  
Some my Dugald's features wear,  
Some have mine, but far more fair;  
Prattling lips my name repeat  
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Youth is bright above my track,  
Health is strong within my breast;  
Wherefore must this shadow black  
On my bridal gladness rest?  
On my happy solitude  
Must the vision still intrude?  
Must the icy touch of Death  
Freeze my song's impassioned breath?  
I am young, and youth is sweet,  
Why, then, spin my winding-sheet?

Hark! the solemn winds reply,  
"Woman, thou art born to woe;  
Long ere 'tis thine hour to die  
Thou shalt be well pleased to go.  
Though the sunshine of to-day  
Blind thine eyeballs with its ray,  
Grief shall swathe thee in its pall,  
Life's beloved before thee fall.  
Bride, the grave hath comfort meet,  
Thankful spin thy winding-sheet!"

Need we add a word in praise of these truly poetical and sweetly melancholy or highly affecting compositions? Assuredly not. But we ought to say something in commendation of M'lan's congenial illustrations, all of which evince a genuine national feeling, and some are conceived in perfect unison with the poems they adorn.

#### ARCHITECTURAL GLOSSARY.

*A Companion to the Fourth Edition of a Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture.* 8vo, pp. 154. Oxford, Parker.

THE companion to Mr. Parker's "Glossary" is here much enlarged, and therefore improved, and we should have dismissed it with a passing recommendation, but for a note in the preface, the object of which we do not clearly understand. The passage alluded to runs as follows: "For the improvements the work is principally indebted to the Count Mortara;" upon which is the following note: "Except the first twenty pages, which were partly prepared by Thomas Wright, Esq." Even this would have almost escaped our attention, had it not been made the subject of an observation in a review of the book in the April number of the *Ecclesiologist*, which is very equivocally expressed, but which seems intended to throw some discredit on Mr. Wright with regard to Mr. Parker's publication. We have, therefore, made careful inquiries before noticing the latter book. It appears that Mr. Parker requested Mr. Wright to undertake the recompilation of the "Companion" for a certain remuneration, one condition being that no author's name should be placed to it (Mr. Parker, it seems, wishing that the whole Glossary and Companion should go under his name). When the unfortunate division in the British Archaeological Association, stirred up by Mr. Parker and Mr. Way, occurred, Mr. Wright was in the middle of his undertaking; but, perceiving from a letter of Mr. Parker that the latter wished to get it out of his hands, he voluntarily gave it up, and we believe in

a manner with which Mr. Parker could not be otherwise than satisfied.

Of the inaccuracy of Mr. Parker's statement about the "twenty pages" we have before us our demonstration, for Mr. Wright has lent us the duplicate proofs (which he had preserved) of the work under his direction, down to the end of the Anglo-Saxon period, which is in the book before us the thirty-second page; and we are assured that he gave up the manuscript of the Anglo-Norman period, down to about the seventieth page, as far as the English historical notices went (the part he undertook to compile) nearly complete, besides a few contributions towards the rest of the work.

From a comparison of the proofs before us we see that the only historical materials of any real value are owing to Mr. Wright, who was well qualified for the task, and that his labours have been very unwisely tampered with in two or three instances by a compiler who possessed no great knowledge of the subject. As an instance of this we quote the account of Deerhurst church, which appears on the twenty-sixth page of Mr. Parker's book, in which Mr. Wright only partly compiled the first twenty pages! In Mr. Wright's proof it stands as follows:

"1056. The church of Deerhurst in Gloucestershire, built by Earl Odda.—In the year 1075, a stone was dug up in an orchard near the church, on the site of the chancel, with an inscription commemorative of this event. It is now preserved among the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, and the following is an exact fac-simile of the inscription, in characters which are decidedly of the age to which it refers:—[wood-cut of the inscription.]

"Which must be read, 'Odda dux jussit hanc regiam aulam construi atque dedicari in honore sanctæ Trinitatis pro anima germani sui Elfrici, que de hoc loco assumpta, Ealdredus vero episcopus qui eandem dedicavit iij. Idibus Aprilis, xlii. autem annos regni Eadwardi regis Anglorum.'"

"Regia aula" was a kind of translation of 'basilica'; and 'annos' is an error of the scribe for 'anno,' a mistake not uncommon among the Saxon scribes. The years of the reign of Edward the Confessor were properly counted from his election to the throne in 1041. Pegge has fallen into several errors about this inscription. Odda, who was also named Agelwin; was appointed 'eorl'ore Devonshire, and over Somerset, and over Dorset, and over the Welsh' in 1501. (Saxon Chron.) The same authority informs us that in 1056, 'This year died Odda the earl, and his body lies at Pershore, and he was ordained a monk before his end; a good man he was, and pure, and right noble. And he died on the 2d of the Kalends of September' (i. e. the 31st of August). Florence of Worcester, who gives a high character of Odda, says that he was a lover of churches, and adds that he died at Deerhurst; and that he received the monastic habit at the hands of Bishop Ealdred a short time before his death; so that it was probably on that occasion that the church was built. We learn from Florence of Worcester that Alfric, Odda's brother, died at Deerhurst on the 22d of December, 1053, so that this place was probably the residence of the family."

Mr. Parker's editor, unable to appreciate the critical observations in the foregoing extracts, reproduces the errors of Pegge:

"In the year 1075, a stone was dug up in an orchard near the present church, on the site of the chancel, which has long been destroyed, with an inscription commemorative of this event. It is now preserved among the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, and the following is a fac-simile of the inscription:—[wood-cut, as before.]

"Viz. 'Odda dux jussit hanc regiam aulam construi atque dedicari in honore sanctæ Trinitatis pro anima germani sui Elfrici, que de hoc loco assumpta, Ealdredus vero episcopus qui eandem dedicavit iij. Idibus Aprilis, xlii. autem anno 3 regni Eadwardi regis Anglorum.'"

"From the forms of the letters, and also from

the letter S indicating 'sancti,' placed before 'regni,' which would not have been said had King Edward the Confessor been alive, it is evident that this inscription is of a later date than the event it refers to; but as all the circumstances therein mentioned are correct, its authority cannot be doubted. Odda, who was also named Agelwin,' &c., as in Mr. Wright's proof.

Mr. Parker's wood-cut, in this as in other instances, represents very imperfectly the character of the original, which, if any one well acquainted with paleography will examine, we are confident he will judge it of a writing of the age of Odda, and not of a later period. When Mr. Parker's editor will find an example of 'sanctum regnum Eadwardi,' for 'regnum sancti Eadwardi,' we will give him credit for better knowledge of his subject than he has here shewn. Moreover, the S in the inscription is accompanied with no traces of any mark of contraction, which the other part of the inscription shews would have been there had it indicated 'sancti.'

It is a pity that any disputes arising out of difference of opinion in public bodies should be allowed to creep into the distinct literature of the country, either to induce erroneous alterations or do individual injustice; both of which seem to have been the effect in the present instance, where the sense has been mistaken and the labours of a coadjutor, or rather precursor, misstated.

#### GROTE'S GREECE.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

PASSING ONWARD to a universal view, rather than confined so specifically to Greece, the author offers the following judicious comparative remarks:

"Both the Christian and the Mahomedan religions have begun during the historical age, have been propagated from one common centre, and have been erected upon the ruins of a different pre-existing faith. With none of these particulars did Grecian paganism correspond. It took rise in an age of imagination and feeling simply, without the restraints, as well as without the aid, of writing or records, of history or philosophy: it was, as a general rule, the spontaneous product of many separate tribes and localities, imitation and propagation operating as subordinate causes; it was, moreover, a primordial faith, as far as our means of information enable us to discover. These considerations explain to us two facts in the history of the early pagan mind: first, the divine mythes, the matter of their religion, constituted also the matter of their earliest history; next, these mythes harmonised with each other only in their general types, but differed incurably in respect of particular incidents. The poet who sang a new adventure of Apollo, the trace of which he might have heard in some remote locality, would take care that it should be agreeable to the general conceptions which his hearers entertained respecting the god. He would not ascribe the cestus or amorous influences to Athênê, nor armed interference and the ægis to Aphroditê; but, provided he maintained this general keeping, he might indulge his fancy without restraint in the particular events of the story. The feelings and faith of his hearers went along with him, and there were no critical scruples to hold them back; to scrutinise the alleged proceedings of the gods was repulsive, and to disbelieve them impious. And thus these divine mythes, though they had their root simply in religious feelings, and though they presented great discrepancies of fact, served, nevertheless, as primitive matter of history to an early Greek: they were the only narratives, at once publicly accredited and interesting, which he possessed. To them were aggregated the heroic mythes,—indeed, the two are inseparably blended, gods, heroes, and men almost always appearing in the same picture,—analogous both in their structure and their genesis, and differing chiefly in the circumstance that they sprang from the type of a hero instead of from that of a god."

Upon these bases Mr. Grote raises nearly the whole of his superstructure, blending the historical with the mythological from first to last. And, to a certain extent, this is common to all nations, and not peculiar to Greece. All have their fabulous periods and their traditions; all have their corruptions of primitive and simple religions; all have their imaginative and poetic changes of facts into fictions; and all present a jumbled mass of years or centuries where research and speculation may delve for ever, and yet only discover uncertain twinklings of light, without the power to discriminate thereby the false from the true. To endeavour to do so, however, is a fine and interesting exercise of the human faculty. Mr. Grote proceeds to describe and discuss the earliest pantheologic creations, and among the gods shews the mighty Zeus:

"To Zeus more amours are ascribed than to any of the other gods,—probably because the Grecian kings and chieftains were especially anxious to trace their lineage to the highest and most glorious of all,—each of these amours having its representative progeny on earth. Such subjects were among the most promising and agreeable for the interest of mythical narrative; and Zeus as a lover thus became the father of a great many legends, branching out into innumerable interferences, for which his sons, all of them distinguished individuals, and many of them persecuted by Hêrê, furnished the occasion. But besides this, the commanding functions of the supreme god, judicial and administrative, extending both over gods and men, was a potent stimulus to the mythopœic activity. Zeus has to watch over his own dignity,—the first of all considerations with a god: moreover, as Horkios, Xenios, Ktésios, Melichios (a small proportion of his thousand surnames), he guaranteed oaths and punished perjurers, he enforced the observance of hospitality, he guarded the family board and the crop realised for the year, and he granted expiation to the repentant criminal. All these different functions created a demand for mythes, as the means of translating a dim, but serious, presentiment into distinct form, both self-explaining and communicable to others. In enforcing the sanctity of the oath or of the tie of hospitality, the most powerful of all arguments would be a collection of legends respecting the judgments of Zeus Horkios or Xenios; the more impressive and terrific such legends were, the greater would be their interest, and the less would any one dare to disbelieve them. They constituted the natural outpourings of a strong and common sentiment, probably without any deliberate ethical intention: the preconceptions of the divine agency, expanded into legend, form a product analogous to the idea of the divine features and symmetry embodied in the bronze or the marble statue.

"But it was not alone the general type and attributes of the gods which contributed to put in action the mythopœic propensities. The rites and solemnities forming the worship of each god, as well as the details of his temple and his locality, were a fertile source of mythes respecting his exploits and sufferings, which to the people who heard them served the purpose of past history. The exegetes, or local guide and interpreter, belonging to each temple, preserved and recounted to curious strangers these traditional narratives, which lent a certain dignity even to the minutæ of divine service. Out of a stock of materials thus ample, the poets extracted individual collections, such as the 'Causes' (Aítrai) of Callimachus, now lost, and such as the Fasti of Ovid are for the Roman religious antiquities. It was the practice to offer to the gods in sacrifice the bones of the victim only, enclosed in fat. How did this practice arise? The author of the Hesiodic Theogony has a story which explains it: Prometheus tricked Zeus into an imprudent choice, at the period when the gods and mortal men first came to an arrangement about privileges and duties (in Mekônê). Prometheus, the tutelary representative of man, divided a large steer

into two portions: on the one side he placed the flesh and guts, folded up in the omentum and covered over with the skin; on the other, he put the bones enveloped in fat. He then invited Zeus to determine which of the two portions the gods would prefer to receive from mankind. Zeus, with both hands decided for and took the white fat, but he was highly incensed on finding that he had got nothing at the bottom except the bones. Nevertheless the choice of the gods was now irrevocably made: they were not entitled to any portion of the sacrificed animal beyond the bones and the white fat; and the standing practice is thus plausibly explained. I select this as one amongst a thousand instances to illustrate the genesis of legend out of religious practices. In the belief of the people, the event narrated in the legend was the real producing cause of the practice: but when we come to apply a sound criticism, we are compelled to treat the event as existing only in its narrating legend, and the legend itself as having been, in the greater number of cases, engendered by the practice,—thus reversing the supposed order of production. In dealing with Grecian mythes generally, it is convenient to distribute them into such as belong to the gods and such as belong to the heroes, according as the one or the other are the prominent personages. The former class manifest more palpably than the latter their real origin, as growing out of the faith and the feelings, without any necessary basis, either of matter of fact or allegory: moreover, they elucidate more directly the religion of the Greeks, so important an item in their character as a people. But in point of fact, most of the mythes present to us gods, heroes, and men, in juxtaposition one with the other, and the richness of Grecian mythical literature arises from the infinite diversity of combinations thus opened out: first by the three class-types, god, hero, and man; next by the strict keeping with which each separate class and character is handled."

We should, perhaps, have observed before, that the author has adopted the best previous patterns, and calls his Greek deities by their Greek names, as, for example, Zeus, the Latin Jupiter; Poseidôn, Neptune; Arês, Mars; Dionysus, Bacchus; Hêrmês, Mercury; Hêlios, Sol; Hêphæstus, Vulcan; Hadês, Pluto; Hêrê, Juno; Athênê, Minerva; Artemis, Diana; Aphroditê, Venus; Eôs, Aurora; Hestia, Vesta; Lêtô, Latona; Dêmêtêr, Ceres; Hêraklês, Hercules; Asklepîus, Æsculapius.

We cannot follow out the long disquisition upon the works of Hesiod and Homer; but out of the entire argument, it seems to us as if the true meaning and explanation of the mythes is not sufficiently sought to be drawn; but they are rather considered as an ancient Greek would have treated them, not as a modern historian trying to develop their mysterious secrets. His conclusions respecting these mythes are, that—

"1. They are a special product of the imagination and feelings, radically distinct both from history and philosophy: they cannot be broken down and decomposed into the one, nor allegorised into the other. There are, indeed, some particular and even assignable mythes which raise intrinsic presumption of an allegorising tendency; and there are doubtless some others, though not specially assignable, which contain portions of matter of fact embodied in them; but such matter of fact cannot be verified by any intrinsic mark, nor are we entitled to presume its existence in any given case unless some collateral evidence can be produced.

"2. We are not warranted in applying to the mythical world the rules either of historical credibility or chronological sequence. Its personages are gods, heroes, and men, in constant juxtaposition and reciprocal sympathy; men, too, of whom we know a large proportion to be fictitious, and of whom we can never ascertain how many may have been real. No series of such personages can serve as materials for chronological calculation.

"3. The mythes were originally produced in an age which had no records, no philosophy, no criti-

cism, no canon of belief, and scarcely any tincture either of astronomy or geography, but which, on the other hand, was full of religious faith, distinguished for quick and susceptible imagination, seeing personal agents where we look only for objects and connecting laws; an age, moreover, eager for new narrative, accepting with the unconscious impressibility of children (the question of truth or falsehood being never formally raised) all which ran in harmony with its pre-existing feelings, and penetrable by inspired prophets and poets in the same proportion that it was indifferent to positive evidence. To such hearers did the primitive poet or story-teller address himself: it was the glory of his productive genius to provide suitable narrative expression for the faith and emotions which he shared in common with them, and the rich stock of Grecian myths attests how admirably he performed his task. As the gods and the heroes formed the conspicuous object of national reverence, so the myths were partly divine, partly heroic, partly both in one: the adventures of Achilles, Helen, and Diomedes, of Edipus and Adrastus, of Meleager and Althæa, of Jason and the Argô, were recounted by the same tongues and accepted with the same unsuspecting confidence as those of Apollo and Artemis, of Arès and Aphrodite, of Poseidon and Héraklès.

"4. The time, however, came when this plausibility ceased to be complete. The Grecian mind made an important advance, socially, ethically, and intellectually. Philosophy and history were constituted, prose writing and chronological records became familiar; a canon of belief more or less critical came to be tacitly recognised. Moreover, superior men profited more largely by the stimulus, and contracted habits of judging different from the vulgar: the god Elenchus (to use a personification of Menander), the giver and prover of truth, descended into their minds. Into the new intellectual medium, thus altered in its elements and no longer uniform in its quality, the myths descended by inheritance; but they were found, to a certain extent, out of harmony even with the feelings of the people, and altogether dissonant with those of instructed men. But the most superior Greek was still a Greek, and cherished the common reverential sentiment towards the foretime of his country. Though he could neither believe nor respect the myths as they stood, he was under an imperious mental necessity to transform them into a state worthy of his belief and respect. Whilst the literal myth still continued to float among the poets and the people, critical men interpreted, altered, decomposed, and added, until they found something which satisfied their minds as a supposed real basis. They manufactured some dogmas of supposed original philosophy, and a long series of fancied history and chronology, retaining the mythical names and generations even when they were obliged to discard or recast the mythical events. The interpreted myth was thus promoted into a reality, while the literal myth was degraded into a fiction."

Darkness and difficulty still surround the questions which Philosophy would put, but cannot answer. How much, speaking in the abstract, could pure imagination invent? How much of fact can be ascertained as the ground and foundations? There must be air even for the building of a Chateau en Espagne! And the author says:

"The habit of distinguishing the interpreted from the literal myth has passed from the literary men of antiquity to those of the modern world, who have for the most part construed the divine myths as allegorised philosophy, and the heroic myths as exaggerated, adorned, and over-coloured history. The early ages of Greece have thus been peopled with quasi-historical persons and quasi-historical events, all extracted from the myths after making certain allowances for poetical ornament. But we must not treat this extracted product as if it were the original substance; we cannot properly understand it except by viewing it in

connexion with the literal myths out of which it was obtained, in their primitive age and appropriate medium, before the superior minds had yet outgrown the common faith in an all-personified Nature, and learnt to restrict the divine free-agency by the supposition of invariable physical laws. It is in this point of view that the myths are important for any one who would correctly appreciate the general tone of Grecian thought and feeling; for they were the universal mental stock of the Hellenic world—common to men and women, rich and poor, instructed and ignorant; they were in every one's memory and in every one's mouth, while science and history were confined to comparatively few. We know from Thucydides how erroneously and carelessly the Athenian public of his day retained the history of Peisistratus, only one century past; but the adventures of the gods and heroes, the numberless explanatory legends attached to visible objects and periodical ceremonies, were the theme of general talk, and any man unacquainted with them would have found himself partially excluded from the sympathy of his neighbours. The theatrical representations, exhibited to the entire city population and listened to with enthusiastic interest, both presupposed and perpetuated acquaintance with the great lines of heroic fable: in later times the pantomimic dancers embraced in their representations the whole field of mythical incident, and their immense success proves at once how popular and how well known such subjects were. The names and attributes of the heroes were incessantly alluded to in the way of illustration, to point a consoling, admonitory, or repressive moral: the simple mention of any of them sufficed to call up in every one's mind the principal events of his life, and the poet or rhapsode could thus calculate on touching chords not less familiar than susceptible. A similar effect was produced by the multiplied religious festivals and processions, as well as by the oracles and prophecies which circulated in every city; the annual departure of the Theoric ship from Athens to the sacred island of Delos kept alive in the minds of Athenians generally the legend of Theseus and his adventurous enterprise in Crète; and in like manner most of the other public rites and ceremonies were of a commemorative character, deduced from some mythical person or incident familiarly known to natives, and forming to strangers a portion of the curiosities of the place. \* \* \* Nor must we omit the incalculable importance of the myths as stimulants to the imagination of the Grecian artist in sculpture, in painting, in carving, and in architecture. From the divine and heroic legends and personages were borrowed those paintings, statues, and reliefs which rendered the temples, porticos, and public buildings, at Athens and elsewhere, objects of surpassing admiration; and such visible reproduction contributed again to fix the types of the gods and heroes familiarly and indelibly on the public mind."

Concluding the story of Greek legendary lore, Mr. Grote considers a period of doubt and darkness, before the dawn of history. Emigration and colonisation are traced, and the Odyssey (a book of travels) is deemed to be by a different author from the Iliad. The various Grecian states are then passed in review—their lawgivers and legislation, their leaders and expeditions, and their wars. In these we cannot venture to enter, nor offer to guide our readers through them by any path we could open for them. So vast a forest cannot be explored within our limits of excursion, and we shall therefore merely refer to the diligence with which Mr. Grote has traversed the whole, and the ability with which he has brought the chief features into our visible knowledge.

Marston; or, the Soldier and Statesman. By the Rev. G. Croly. 3 vols. Colburn.

This novel having enjoyed the far and wide popularity ensured by the circulation of our contemporary *Blackwood's Magazine*, is taken out of our

pale of critical remark and quotation. The powerful pen of the author of *Salathiel* has, in its construction and details, presented a frightful view of the crimes and horrors of the French revolution as a lesson to England and the world:

"To all an example, to no one a pattern."

The irresistible deduction may be summed up in few words: if England were to become a republic, it would republicanise the civilised globe—a consummation, according to the vivid shewing of the author, devoutly to be averted. Strong, loyal, constitutional, and patriotic, *Marston* is a vigorous tale, and full of touching and terrible incident.

*The Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain; with an appropriate Sermon for every Sunday in the Year.* By the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., Canon-Residentiary of St. Paul's. 4to. Longmans.

So complete a body of divinity is here comprehended, and so applicable to every species of Christian instruction and worship, that one might fear it was enough to supersede the public exercise of these duties; and that with such a volume in the house there was little need to go to church. It may, therefore, well be received as a valuable succedaneum for the more effective practice of communion, when circumstances occur to interrupt or prevent the latter. Under such circumstances, it will be found richly to deserve its title, and be for families an appropriate and unailing source of religious enjoyment.

*A Manual of Natural Philosophy, &c.* By J. M. Colstock, M.D., and R. D. Hoblyn, A.M. Oxon. Pp. 477. London, Adam Scott.

A USEFUL and well-constructed volume, both for intelligence and reference. Though more calculated for schools and youth than for better-informed grades, it may conveniently be kept at hand by the latter for consultation when memory may be at a loss.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I beg to send you a few notes upon several subjects lately discussed in your pages. I am no archaeologist or antiquary, and may therefore be wrong in some of my conclusions; but here and there you may find a remark considered worthy of a corner in the *Literary Gazette*.

*Hobnob, or habnab.*—This appears to me to have no connexion with the *Hobs* and *Dobs* of fairy lore. Johnson gives it "*hap ne hap*, at your mercy, at random." It is now only used as a friendly challenge to drink, each party clinking glasses together in turn; and in which sense I think it may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon "*habben ne habben*," "have or not have (a drink with me?)." In the Midlands there is a boy's game called "*hab-or-nab*," or bob-apple—an apple being swung at the end of a string for the eager urchins to snatch at open-mouthed, getting for their pains either a chance bite or a blow ("*bobb*") in the face: i. e. either *habbing* or *habbing* it. Sir Toby Belch, in the "*Twelfth Night*," giving a fiery description of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's duelling inclinations, says, "His incensement is so great—*hobnob* is his word, give't or take't."

*Cockle-bread.*—I have seen Leicestershire children hundreds of times playing at "*making cockle-bread*." This may simply be a corruption of the

"I pledge you," in unsettled and lawless times, was an assurance given by his next neighbour at a carouse to an individual about to drink, and implied that no advantage should be taken of the unguarded moment to cut his throat. He stood up whilst the draught was swallowed, and held his dagger with his hand in front of the drinker's neck and the point outward. To *hob* and *nob* had probably the same signification; and the manner in which "*the loving cup*" is drunk at civic entertainments—the nearest party standing by the one who is drinking, to receive the vessel from his hands after the draught, and drink in turn, passing it in equal safety and vivaciousness to the next in succession (in like fashion standing up)—may be assigned to the same origin, when feuds often terminated fatally at feasts.—*Ed. L. G.*

term "coctile," baked in an oven; but, judging from the peculiar movements, backward and forward, of the children, and the rhyme which they sing,

"Up with your heels, and down with your head,  
And that's the way to make cockley-bread,"

it seems to refer to the manner of making it rather than to the quality; and I should say is quite distinct from "cochet-bread," wheaten, next to wastel or white bread." It may mean "cochleated," spiral or screw-formed—something like the common country loaf, called a "twist" from its plaited shape; or it may be that "cockled" is the correct expression; i. e. grown wrinkled in the baking; "crisp," as the country people now term it. Cockle-meal may be a kind of flour used to obtain this result, or to make the long "penny or two-penny twist."

*Hob-goblin.*—Mad Puck seems to be still alive and frolicsome, delighting to lead us astray at times after his goblin-lantern, "thorough bog, thorough brier." Could we catch the tricky imp some night, and, "in likeness of a playful foal," make him bear us far away o'er mountain and molehill, ocean and puddle, to his old fatherland, we might in less than ten minutes (for he can "put a girdle round the earth in forty") be in the wide Sarmatian wastes, even beyond the Rhipæan hills, among Strabo's thousand-year-old people of the north-wind. There, of yore, was the "mad sprite," one of that mischievous race of pigmies, the *Coboli* (in German, *Kobolds*; Russian, *Colefsy*), who played their pranks on those barelegged, war-painted ancestors of ours—living by day, cricket-like, in the chinks and crannies of their huts, and at night (the wicked rogues!) taking advantage of the close neighbourhood of stable and dairy to spoil the good people's morning breakfasts. Surely there is something very Robin-good-fellowish in all this.

More northwards still, even to the shores of the frozen Arctic, we might get a glimpse of his cousin *Obi*, the huge rock at the mouth of the great river *Obi*, in the form of a woman with a "big baby" in her arms—the demon for good or evil to the lonely Smoiled on his fishing excursions. A smart canter back to the warm south, over the Uralian mountains, and barren steppes of Issim, would soon bring us to the fork of the Red Sea, where we might find traces of the ancient worship of *Hobal* the Arabian deity, who used to sit in the midst of his very large family of little *Hobals*, 360 in number, one for every day in the year, as the years were measured then; and probably the very *Ob* of the Egyptians, whom Moses commanded the children of Israel to refrain from worshipping; the *Obi*, still dreaded and adored by the negro-races, throughout Africa and the West Indies, with the most horrid and secret rites; and the original of the demon *Hobalme*, who, in the shape of a deer, wolf, or snake, was the protean devil of the Red Indians, before the pilgrim fathers anchored at the Plymouth of the new world. I will here also hazard another conjecture, which has often occurred to me, that some idolatrous ceremony, connected with the worship of the great *Hobal* of Arabia, may have originated the prankish *Hobby-horse* of the old morrice-dance, as well as a name to merry Puck, when it pleased him to take the "likeness of a silly foal," and gambol in our forefathers' eyes by moonlight. The love of the Arab for his steed is proverbial; and his care and tenderness meets with a corresponding affection in the sagacious animal, shewn by as many coaxing ways as the fondness of a dog; and often has the Bedouin been heard to hold long converse with his faithful steed as if it were indued with the "gift divine" of understanding. What more likely than that in the early ages the horse was sacred to the god *Hobal*, whose idol, after the fashion of the eldest nations, may have been represented with the head of an animal; and if so, surely that of the horse—the "all-in-all" of the poor wandering child of the desert. The ancient Egyptians and Arabs certainly dedicated the horse

to the sun, because of its beauty and swiftness; and to me it really does not seem far-fetched to surmise that the Sun-god of the Arabians and this very *Hobal* were identical—this great idol, placed in the midst of 360 lesser ones, seems emblematical of the sun and the days of the year. The Grecians made Arabs, or Arabas, a son of Apollo and Babylon, the founder of Arabia. The Arabs themselves claim their descent from Yarab, the son of Joktan. I believe this Yarab to be the same with *Obal*, one of the thirteen sons of Joktan—the nephews of Peleg, in whose days the earth began to be divided. The children of Joktan must have lived about the time of the commencement of the kingdom of Egypt under Mizraim—a few years after the building of Babylon, and their "dwelling" was in Mesopotamia and the northern parts of Arabia. Sheba, one of them, or Saba, great grandson of Joktan, was the founder of the Sabaean Arabs, and sur-named himself "Servant of the Sun." His descendants worshipped the heavenly luminaries, and especially this *Hobal* and the 360 idols in the great temple of Caaba. I am profuse in mere guesses, but historical research might bring such probabilities to certainties. Many of the old Pagan superstitions were engrafted, along with Judaical rites and Christian moralities, on the creed of Mahomet; and during the palmy days of Arabian glory, the Saracen and the Moor may have introduced into Spain the genuine morisco dance, with its sword-clashings, twanging of bows and arrows, jingling of bells, &c.—the original of the English morrice, which made so prominent a part in the older May games, Whitsun-ales, Bride-ales, Christmas mummeries, and feasts of all kinds, in which our ancestors, "gentle and simple," delighted—the hobby-horse mimicking his fleet and active prototype of the desert, with its "reines, careers, prances, ambles, false trots, and Canterbury paces." (A better antiquary than myself, and one who has more time and means than a merchant's clerk, might follow up my random surmises, and prove that *Hobby-horse* is a corruption of *Hobal-horse*, or "horse of the sun.") On our hobgoblin something too might be learnt respecting the *Fetiches*, *Pills*, *Lobs*, &c. The *fetich* in the shape of a twig, feather, pebble, &c., carried in the pocket, is a kind of negro "Lar." There is a city or town near Königsberg, called *Pilkopeio*, from the worship of the idol *Pilkob*, on the neighbouring mountain, by the ancient Prussians. And amongst the Portuguese peasantry still exist some relics of the old belief in the fiendish *Lob*—Milton's "*lubber-fiend*," and the "*Lob*" of our early dramatists. They believe that if seven males are born successively in a family, the seventh becomes a *Lobishoman*, by some inexplicable fatality made subject to the powers of darkness; and on every Saturday evening he is compelled to assume the likeness of an ass, hunted by dogs, an impious race, over the moors, until the dawning of the Sabbath morn puts an end to his sufferings by restoring him to human shape. If a poor weary way-farer should be seen by these superstitious people early on Sunday morning, he might die through sickness or starvation: they would shun him as if he were the arch-fiend himself.

Some of these Hobbs, Kobs, and Lobs, are surely related to our goblin-cob, who, in his half-hour's journey round about the world, ought to "whinny" some signs of delight in recognition of his old hands in ages ago, ere he came over seas.

"To neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn,"  
in the dingles and dells of old England—there at length to be spell-taken, and made nearly to give up the ghost by the mightier magic of the giant devil of Doctor Faustus.

*Surnames.*—Not only have the fairy races left their names behind in many a nook of the land, but there is a goodly number of Surnames which seem to be derived from them or their haunts; such are Obbe, Obbs, Obbard, Obec, Elvish, Dobbe, Dobby, Dobie, Mabby, Mabley, Hobbs, Hoblyn,

Hobcraft, Hobcroft, Corbould, Hobden, Hubbard, Puckett, Puckle, Puckridge, Pook, Poole, Pochin, Sibley, Hopkins (little Hops?), Pilson, Hobhouse, Elphinstone, Sibthorpe, Cobden, and (may we say?) Peel (as it is often synonymous with Pill), to make a medley quint of M.P.'s.

*Localities.*—Tibb's Hall and Wiggenshall (near to each other in Warwickshire), Wiggenthorne, Wigston, Wiggenthorne, Tiberthorpe, Tiberton, Hoby, Powkehill, Puckeridge, Pokenham, Puckston, Vale of Cwm Pwcca (where the goblin leads the unsuspicious night-traveller over the steep precipices into the Clydach, Llanelly), Cobham, Cobdenhill, Cobsfield, Cobley—some of these names may be from *Cob*, a heap or hill, used in the Midlands for any thing with a round head or top—synonymous with *Cob*.

Pinxton—a *Darbyshire* man would tell you, was so called from the "pink" flower—"maiden-pink," I believe, which is very abundant in the hollows of Sherwood, and all along the roads between Nottingham and Derbyshire; but Mab's *maiden-pink* may have had the christening (or paganism) of the village: and certainly a few miles off we find Tibshelf, Pilsley, Haghouse, and Eggs (qy. Hag's?) Green—as if it were a fairy-haunted district of yore. We have also in various parts of the country, Pinkey-house, Pinkenken, Penkridge on the river Penk, two mines called "The Pink" in Cornwall (what are the names of the fairy-miners heard by the Cornishman tapping before him on the new seams of coal?), Pinchley, and Pinchbeck (qy. Pink-beck, from the pinks or minnows which may abound in the shallows of the Glen river?): Roby, Rob's cross, Robolsay, Robley-heath; Robin-a-tiptoes (there's a suggestive name!) not far from Hobwell and Pickwell in Leicestershire. This may have reference either to Robin Goodfellow, seen by some scared traveller peeping over a tuft of fern or dock-leaves, or dancing the "hop" before a drunkard's eyes on the tip of his horse's ear; or to the "merrie outlaw" lying in wait there on one of his excursions out of Charnwood forest, some 20 miles off. In the Midlands there are many hollows, dingles, dumbles, tofts, crofts, spinneys, cloughs, &c., named either from the "gentle thieves" or the "fairy folk;" but which of the *Goodfellows* gave name to the *Rob*-hills and dells, who can now say? there's a pretty confusion too among the Pucks and Tucks, Johns and Jacks, &c. May not the country-people have kept up the memory of the friendly outlaws of Sherwood (as they did in the May-games), by naming the elfin-people after them? Hence Robin Hood, or Robin Goodfellow; Little John, or Jack-a-Lantern; Will Scathelock, or Will-o'-the-Wisp; and the burly Friar, where was he? perhaps the mad sprite's old name of Puck was near enough to Tuck without alteration. We must not go too far, and talk of Pins and Pinners. "*Hob and Lob*" were also characters in the old Robin-Hood May-games. And no doubt the whole fairy-race were thus called *Roberts*, and *Bobkins*. "*Ods-bobkins*" and "*Ods-bobs*" (God's little Roberts?) being common oaths in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire to this day. Robin Goodfellow is called the father of the Pucks in an old comedy, "*The Bugbears*,"—"Puckes, puckerles, hob-howard by gorn, and Robin Goodfellow!" Who was gorn? This seems to me to give a hint of the origin of the opprobrious epithet, "son of a gun?" In Leicestershire a "*gorney*" is a starrer—"Well, gorney, can't you see?" and a sow is said to "gorn" or "gurn" at you, implying something like the mowing motion of a cow—"The nightmare gorn'd at me!" *Groine* is an old word for the forward grunting look of a pig; perhaps *gorn* is the name of Puck in the likeness of a hog, similar to *bull-boggard* and *bugbear* when in the shape of a bull or bear.

In describing Robin Goodfellow, Harsenet's "*declaration*" speaks of a friar among the elves—

\* Were not the Elfin people their originals—the cycle identical!—Ed. L. G.

whatever could the unbaptised imps want with a black cow? He says, "And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt the next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not cream, or the ale in the fat would never have good head. But if a Peeter's-penny or an house-egg were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. By this it seems as if the merry out-laws were metamorphosed into fairy folks,\* who wandered from house to house by night, requiring to be propitiated by a few of the good things of life; and if insulted by such doles as Peter's-pence and tithe-remnants (the Pagan imps!), taking revenge on the impertinent household by scaring them out of their five wits in the shape of bull-beggars, or boggards, as the country-people call the Mrs. Harrises of the frightened babes in the nursery. A pretty complicated cob-web have our forefathers spun with their superstitious fancies!

A goodly vocabulary might be made of words (obsolete, cant, and provincial, as well as those generally received into dictionaries) which appear to have had a similar origin to the names of the fairies, or to have sprung from the belief in their existence and merry tricks played on our ancestors. Such are *Bobbiash*, hearty; *Bobbery*, a wordy quarrel; *Boh!* *Bo peep*; *Boggard*; *Boggle*, to start back; to *boggle*, to *cobble*, and to *pucker*, all somewhat similar in meaning; *Bug-bear*; *Bug-wads*, frightful; *Bob*, 1. to cheat. 2. to start up. 3. to dangle about. 4. to make game of. 5. to terrify ("I was bobbed"). 6. The "dumble-dum-deary" or "Fal-lal-la" of a song—(a Robin-goodfellowish echo, probably); 7. a blow. *Cobber*, *Dob*, *Dub*, *Knoup*, *Knap*, and *Poke*, all have the same meaning: we have also *nips*, *pinches*, *hob-thrusts*, *trips*, *pinks* (finger-nail scratches), &c., as if man in old time had been a very martyr to goblin-pranks. *Bobbs* and *pinches*, jests and sarcasms; *Cob*, a spider; *Cobweb*; *Cobby*, brisk, stout; *Cobweb-fellow*, a trifter; *Cob-loaf*, a loaf gone all awry in the baking; *Cob-stones*, boulder-stones thrown at each other in a boy's game, or "duck-stone"; *Cob*, the top thrown into the ring as a target in the game of "peg-top"; *Cob-nail* and *hob-nail* are the same (our old dramatists often mention the hob-nails of the hobby-horse dancer—*gy. hobby-nails?*), *cob-irons* and *hob-irons*, the same; *hob* ("hud," Leic.) now the top of the fire-place altogether; *hobby*, a boy's riding-stick, the witches' broom; also a little Irish nag for the *Hobblers*, a kind of Irish knights, light horse-men; *Hobblers*, in England those whose tenure was by maintaining a light nag to certify an invasion or any peril by the sea-side; *hubble-bubble*; *hubbub*; *puggered*, complicated, entangled, to be in a *hobble* or a *pucker*; *puke*, a word "of uncertain origin" as the dictionaries say, but one of our great-grandmothers, thinking of kidnapping Puck and changeling imps, would have given an easy rendering of its meaning: *poke*, 1. a waggish touch with the finger. 2. to feel about in the dark; *hokos-pokos*, (said to be from "hocus-pocus") the sword-tricks of the hobby-horse; *pauky*, sly; *pucklet*, the caterpillar's nest; *pugil*, a small handful; *piggin*, a small vessel; *poco-a-poco*, by little and little; *pig-uidgeon*, any thing small; *gob*, a small quantity; *gobbets*, little bits; *trip*, a small piece, and, in the North of England, a small quantity; *hopper*, a small hand-basket; *top*, a flea; and other diminutives, as *pin*, *pill*, *patch*, and *pink*. I do not think with Mr. Allies that the fairy name "pinket" comes from *pink*, to wink. It seems like "pizie," the general name of all the fairy-race, in Devonshire, to mean something small. Thus we have *pink-eyed*, small-eyed; *pinked*, pierced with small holes; *pink*, the minnow; *pink*, to wound slightly, to prick; *pickle*, pingle, a small close, and *pickle*, a few; *patchery*, bungling work; the "crosspatch" of

\* See preceding note. Our correspondent, we fancy, has transposed the case, and put the first last and the last first.—Ed. L. G.

the nursery rhyme is surely a fairy. Why should an ill-tempered woman be told to draw the latch, "spin," take a cup, and call in her neighbours?"—*Patch* and his elfin-friends are meant. *Pug*, *pigney*, terms of endearment; *pill*, bald; *gil-gartick*, bald pate, one's-self when a scape-goat for other's faults "Ah, its me—poor pilgarlick!" *Pitwinkles*, finger-tortures for witches; *pilfer*, petty theft; *grim*, *grum*, sour; *grumble*; *grinace*; *megrim*, mischievous tricks; *gaubicing*, staring; *nupson*, an oaf; *trip*, to catch in the act, to throw by the heels, or (v. n.) to run lightly, to take a short voyage, to blunder: *tripping*, nimble; *whigmaleeries*, fancies, whims; being in a merry or peevish *pin*; *pugging*, coveting; *spunk*, fire, wit; *spunkie*, fiery spirited; *will-o-wisp*; *windle*, a staggering motion; *fetch*, to pull by fits, a trick; *fdgets*.

*Birds, Flowers, &c.*—*Robin redbreast* bears a fairy name, as if he were thought to be one of the little-folk—a good fellow in the cold winter! His namesake seems, however, to have been a very Nero to him—"shoeing the wild mare, and roasting of Robin redbreast" being his sweet "gambols of the country." *Pink*, the tomtit, or titmouse; *Goldspink*, the goldfinch (or "proud-tailor" bird of Leicestershire people); *Tib* of the buttery, the goose; *cobly-gobby*, and *cobley-uaser*, curious names for the turkey in the Midlands—the French call it "*alouette de savetier*" or "cobbler's lark"; *Madge-owl* or *stare-goblin*, the owl—Puck was also "*Rob-howland*" *hobby*, a small hawk that preys on larks and wood-pigeons; *Pilser*, the moth that flies into the candle; the *herb-robert*; *Bob's-blobbers*, the large marsh butter-cups; *Robin's plainties*; *Robin-arag*; *Wake-robin*, the arum, called also *Lords* and *Ladies*, and *Jack-in-a-box* (reminding of the black goblin of the snuff-box); *Bob-in-the-bush*; *fairy-caps*, fox-gloves; *Winnipe*, the shepherd's clock; *Spicknel*, or bearwort; *peigle* or cowslip; *goldknop*, king-cup; *Jack-by-the-hedge*, or sauce-alone; *puck-fist*, or fuzball, Puck's glove left in a fairy ring; in Germany the *Bubenfat*, or *Bogist*; also an insignificant fellow. *Spunk*, touchwood, rotten-wood that is phosphorescent stuck by country boys in the hedge-side as a "goblin" to frighten the traveller—a vain trick in these "useful knowledge" days. *Lob's-pound*, the jail; *lob*, lubber, looby, loblolly, hobby, gauby, booby, hubble-dehoy, nowf, oaf, urchin, clodhopper, &c. &c. Now that the "fairy brood," like Pan and Satyr, have been driven from "the prosperous woods," and no more "in every dell and dingle a hundred wry-mouthed goblins grin," the country-lad has the whole vocabulary of their names heaped upon him contemptuously by the townsmen. Jack, however, has always a pleasant source of retaliation in the term *cockney*; and can tell a merry tale about a Londoner, who was once awakened up in the early morning by the crowing of a score of cocks in the neighbouring farm-yard—a sound most unwelcome to his ears! and, oh, the long side-splitting roar at the breakfast-table, when he told how the noisy "cocks' neighing" had robbed him of half his night's rest! What really is the origin of this old word? There was formerly a little brook by Turnmill-street, called "Cockney." Perhaps the ducking-bath of the noisy Cyprians on the "cucking-stool." May not "cockney," and also "cucking-stool," be from the term "coquean?"—if so, certainly a most unenviable derivation. Cuckney is the name of a village in Sherwood forest. There seems something very *puckish* in the following: the old proverb, "Never deal with (or buy) a pig in a poke"—the sign of the "pig and whistle"—the belief that "finding a horseshoe is lucky"—that "being born hairy, you are sure to become rich"—and that "a pig can see the wind."

*Hoddening* is probably a modification of the old hobby-horse sports.

*Doderhill*, in my opinion, has no connexion with the *Cob* and *Rob-hills*, but is one of the Toothhills, dedicated of old to Mercury, the Thoth of the Egyptians, *Tout* of the Germans, *Tot* of Ethiopia, *Taute* of the Phœnicians, *Zeus*, *Deus*, *Dieu*, *Deity*,

&c.\* There are nearly 200 places in England called by such names as Tottehill, Toddlehill, Toothill, Tuthill, Tottenhill, Doddenhill, Duddoehill, Dodellyhill, Duddon, Totteridge, Mount Todden, &c.—I remain, sir, yours,

A SHERWOOD FORESTER.

29 Providence Row, Finsbury Square,  
April 17, 1846.

P.S. Your paragraph respecting Mr. Halliwell and his Dictionary of Archaisms induced me to send him nearly 200 provincial words, the receipt of which he has gratefully acknowledged. A similar number more will be forwarded shortly; and out of the many, no doubt, several will be found suitable to his purposes. Those who are resident in the country might, with slight trouble to themselves, do far more than one who has to send his memory back fifteen years to his boyhood's days in Leicestershire and Notts,—a district left at ten years of age.

#### THE FIVE FINGERS.

Robson Place, Kennington, April 29, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—In connexion with your remarks upon the ancient names for the five fingers, it may not be uninteresting to you to know that the nursery rhyme as used in Derbyshire and the northern counties, varies a little from the one you have alluded to. It runs thus:

"Dance, thumbkin, dance,  
Dance, thumbkin, dance;  
Dance, ye merry men all around:  
But thumbkin he can dance alone;  
But thumbkin he can dance.  
  
Dance, foreman, dance,  
Dance, foreman, dance;  
Dance, ye merry men all around:  
But thumbkin he can dance alone;  
But thumbkin he can dance."

And so on, substituting in succession *middleone*, or *middleman*, *ringman*, and *littleman*, and each verse terminating with "thumbkin he can dance." In some instances I have heard the original name for the third finger, *lechman*, preserved in the rhyme, but *ringman* is most generally adopted.

It is worthy of remark too, that there is, even at the present day, amongst many of the old women of the Peak of Derbyshire, a strong belief in the superiority of *lechman* over *foreman* in all matters of taste. I have heard them say, for some reason which I cannot at present solve, that the forefinger is *venomous*, and that the superiority of the third is to be ascribed to its being possessed of a *nerve*; and as they appear to pay a most superstitious reverence to a nerve, whether in the finger, the tooth, or the ear, they do not fail to impress upon their daughters the importance of tasting anything of consequence with the third finger.—I have the honour to remain, &c., LLEWELLYN JEWITT.

#### LOW SUNDAY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

April 29th, 1846.

A CURIOUS volume of sermons, printed A.D. 1652, lies before me. It is entitled, "The Christian Sodality, or Catholic Hive of Bees sucking the honey of the Church's prayers from the blossoms of the Word of God, blown out of the Epistles and Gospels of the divine service throughout the year. Collected by the puny bee of all the hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these elements of his name, F. P."

The author, in his sermon for *White or Low Sunday*, thus writes:—"This day is called *White* or *Low Sunday*, because, in the primitive Church, those neophytes that on *Easter-Eve* were baptised and clad in *white* garments did to-day put them off, with this admonition, that they were to keep within them a perpetual candour of spirit, signified by the *Agnus Dei* hung about their necks, which,

\* The river *Tweed* is, we believe, from the same—Ed. L. G.

+ *Agnus Dei* is a name given to wax cakes bearing the impression of a lamb carrying the standard of the cross, solemnly blessed by the Pope on the Low Sunday following his consecration, and every seven years after, to be distributed to the people.

falling down upon their breasts, put them in mind what innocent lambs they must be, now that, of sinful, high, and haughty men, they were, by baptism, made low and little children of Almighty God, such as ought to retain in their manners and lives the Paschal feasts which they had accomplished." Other writers have supposed that it was called Low Sunday because it is the lowest or latest day that is allowed for satisfying of the Easter obligation, viz. the worthily receiving the blessed Eucharist. The former, however, appears the most probable reason for the designation of Low Sunday. EPSILON.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. ROYAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

4 Saville Row, May 7th, 1846.  
SIR,—Mr. Bell states, in his letter of the 23d of April, in your last Number, in regard to the dissolution of the Committee of Physiology of the Royal Society on the 27th of October last, and the reconstruction of the meeting, that "in perfect good faith, and, I am sure, without any bias for or against any particular paper, the Committee again took their seats, Dr. Todd being in the chair." I am desirous of knowing how this good faith and no bias is to be reconciled with the fact that my supplement on the nerves of the uterus, read to the Society on the 19th of June, remained four months unreferred, contrary to the established practice of the Committee; that it was taken and put in competition for the Royal Medal, when its merits or demerits were unknown to any one present; and that it was afterwards blackballed by the Committee, though recommended by the referee, Sir B. Brodie, to be published—the same paper having since been ordered by the Council to be printed.

I am further desirous of knowing on what ground Mr. Bell permitted Mr. Beck's paper to pass back into his possession, contrary to the statute.

Mr. Bell, again, thrice affirms that no reports on Mr. Beck's paper were read to the Committee after the departure of Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Bell bears testimony to Dr. Roget's honour and irreproachable conduct; and I cannot question the truth of Dr. Roget's assertion, that "two separate reports were read and taken into consideration before the recommendation was resolved upon." Mr. Bell has now to reconcile this with his own assertion, "that there was no such report on this or on any other paper, nor was Mr. Beck's paper treated or considered in any way differently from any other."—I am, &c.

ROBERT LEE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

3 New Street, Spring Gardens, May 8, 1846.  
SIR,—I have only just seen the No. of your journal published last Saturday (May 2). In it I find an article composed partly of observations which I presume to be editorial, and partly of letters from Dr. Lee and others, relative to the late award of the Royal Medal. I am at a loss to whom to attribute the following paragraph: "Dr. Todd now admits that Mr. Beck's dissections confirm those of Dr. Lee." To the statement contained in this paragraph I beg leave to give the most unqualified contradiction.

Hoping that you will, in fairness, give an early insertion to this note, I remain, &c.

R. B. TODD, M.D.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

53 Upper Marylebone Street, May 4, 1846.  
SIR,—In the latter part of the correspondence furnished by Dr. Lee, and published in your journal of the 2d inst., page 492, there is an account of Dr. Knox's examination of my dissections, which is so totally misrepresented that I must ask of you to insert the following statement.

Mr. Bowman informs me that, in the beginning of April, business required him to make an early morning visit to Dr. Hodgkin; and on entering the breakfast-room he saw a gentleman sitting at his breakfast, who was introduced as Dr. Knox of

Edinburgh. In the conversation which followed, my dissections were mentioned, when Dr. K. expressed a wish to see them; and Mr. B. replied that he had no doubt I would be most willing to shew them. How Dr. Lee can construe this into a "challenge to examine Mr. Beck's dissection, and point out any error in it," I am unable to understand.

On returning home, Mr. Bowman wrote me a note, asking me to fix a day for him and Dr. Knox to come to my house. I did so; and they came at the hour appointed, Mr. Bowman bringing Mr., not Dr., Fergusson of King's College with him. Mr. Fergusson was much pressed for time, and stayed only a few minutes, whilst Dr. Knox prolonged his visit to upwards of an hour. In the course of the visit, Dr. Knox several times said, "I think I see nerves here or there," pointing to different parts of the preparation. My reply was: "If you think, Dr. Knox, that you see any nerves which have been divided or overlooked, here are instruments; pick them out; then we can examine them more minutely by the compound microscope on the table, and determine whether they are really nerves, or only the muscular tissue of the uterus which deceives you. If we are unable to decide the point, we cannot have a more favourable opportunity for decision, with so able an umpire as Mr. Bowman to decide between us." I further added, that if Dr. Knox would not pick those supposed nerves out himself, that if he would mark the same with needles, which I offered him, I would pick them out myself, and we could afterwards examine them more closely than was possible in a large preparation.

Dr. Knox did not accept either of these propositions, but contented himself by saying, "I think I see nerves here or there," instead of deciding whether or not such was the case, when the preparation was at his disposal and instruments were offered him for the purpose.

It is further stated, "he (Dr. Knox) took up the cut ends (of nerves) and traced them into the parts below the surface, demonstrating that they were some of the very nerves seen in Dr. Lee's more complete dissections." Whether Dr. Knox thought he did this or not, I am unable to say, as I purposely left him and Mr. Bowman to examine the preparation by themselves, that they might not be restrained in any way by my presence. However, whatever Dr. K. thought he did, I am certain he did not cannot "take up the cut ends (of nerves) and trace them into the parts below the surface, demonstrating that they were the very nerves in Dr. Lee's more complete dissections."

Further on it is stated "that the nervous structures which were visible appeared to have been shredded and deprived of their sheath." Surely it requires no penetration to discover a thing which has been especially insisted upon as necessary before the true nervous system of an organ can be shewn. Nay, I have further insisted that it is by neglecting this obvious first principle that Dr. Lee has been led so far astray. And at the latter part of the correspondence it is mentioned: "Dr. K. was unable to find any instances in which the nerves were seen accompanying the arteries and veins." This statement is untrue; for Dr. Knox was shewn that two sets of nerves were visible, one which left the arteries and entered the substance of the organ alone, the other set which remained with the arteries; the only difference between my dissections "and the universal mode of distribution," "as may constantly be seen in my (Dr. Lee's) dissection," being, that many of the nerves supposed to be distributed to the arteries were small arteries going to the nerves, and not nerves going to the arteries. This error has arisen from the nerves not being "shredded and deprived of their sheath."

Before concluding this letter I would advert to a passage which occurs in Dr. Lee's letter of the 2d of April, addressed to the council of the Royal

Society. Dr. Lee states: "I can now demonstrate that the highest honours of the Royal Society have been conferred for destroying, and not for displaying, the nerves of the uterus." If Dr. Lee can do this, why does he not do it? He has been engaged in "demonstrating" these nerves for the last seven years; he has written five papers on the subject, and published three of them; still the "demonstration" has not appeared. But why not now produce it? The answer is evident:—he cannot.—I remain, &c. T. SNOW BECK.

April 2d.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. Major Cautley was elected a fellow of the society. Read:—1. "On the variations in the alkaline and earthy phosphates in disease," by H. B. Jones, M.D. The analyses of the results are given in a series of tables. The author found that the variations in the earthy phosphates were in general independent of the nature of the disease. In fractures of the spine and paraplegia, however, the total amount of these salts was slightly above the healthy standard during the early period, and when inflammatory action might be considered as prevailing; but when this action had subsided, and the affection had become chronic, the total quantity of phosphatic salts was less than natural. In chronic diseases of the brain, and in chronic and even in acute diseases of the membranes, no increase of these salts was observed. In fractures of the bones of the skull, when inflammation of the brain supervened, there was a slight increase of the total amount of phosphates; but no such increase occurred when the head was not affected, even although acute inflammation of other organs existed. In acute inflammation of the brain there was an excessive secretion of phosphates, which returned to the natural quantity as soon as the inflammation passed into the chronic state. In some functional diseases of the brain, attended with delirium, the secretion of the salts was excessive; but the excess ceased with the disappearance of that symptom. In other functional diseases, as in fevers, no excess was observable. In delirium tremens, when food could be taken, there was neither excess nor deficiency; but in the most violent cases, where no food could be taken, the quantity of the phosphates was diminished in a most remarkable degree. In the general paralysis of the insane, no increase of phosphates was observed. One case of acute paroxysm of mania shewed a small increase during the paroxysm; in two other cases of mania there was a diminution of phosphates approaching to that of delirium tremens. Bright's disease, even attended with acute inflammation, shewed no increase. When only a few ounces of urine were secreted, as in dropsy, no increase was observed; and none also in a very extreme case of exostosis. In the case of mollities ossium, there was a decided increase of the earthy phosphates; and at last, the alkaline phosphates were also in excess, although there was no indication of affections of the nervous structures. The following are the general conclusions which the author draws from his inquiries: first, that acute affections of the nervous substance, organic and functional, are the only diseases in which an excess of phosphatic salts appears; and in acute inflammation of the brain, its amount is proportional to the intensity of the inflammation; secondly, that in a large class of functional diseases of the brain, of which delirium tremens presents the most marked example, the secretion of phosphates is most remarkably diminished; and lastly, that no chronic disease exhibits any marked excess in the total quantity of phosphatic salts secreted, at least as far as the mode of analysis employed by the author can be regarded as conclusive.

2. "On the effects produced by poisonous fish on the human frame," by Sir W. Burnett. The author communicates a report which he lately received from Mr. Jameson, the surgeon of the flagship at the Cape of Good Hope, of the rapidly fatal consequences ensuing from eating small por-

tions of the liver of a fish known at the Cape by the name of the *Bladder* or *Toad-fish*, the *Aptodactylus punctatus*, or *Tetodon* of Cuvier. The symptoms were chiefly pain and burning sensation at the epigastrium, constriction and spasm of the fauces and muscles of deglutition, rigidity of the tendons, coma, paralysis, and convulsions, following one another in quick succession, and terminating in death within twenty minutes after the poisonous food had been taken. Several other instances of the same kind are next related; and a narrative is subjoined of the case of a seaman who lost his life, with similar symptoms, from the bite of a water-snake in Madras Roads; the *Coluber taicaudatus* of Linnæus (*Hydrus colubrinus* of Shaw); and also of a ship's company who were all severely affected by eating portions of a large *Banacuda* (*Perca major*). The author ascribes the symptoms induced by these deleterious substances to their action on the nervous system alone, there being evidence of congestion only, but not of inflammation, in the stomach and other viscera.

*April 23d.*—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. Read: "Further researches on the nervous system of the uterus," by Dr. R. Lee, confirming his opinions contained in his paper printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1841, an Appendix to which was published in the volume of the same work for 1842. The author concludes his present paper by giving a report, drawn up by Mr. John Dalrymple, of the results of his microscopic examination of the uterine nerves in preparations furnished by the author, which tend to corroborate his views.

*April 30th.*—Sir W. Burnett, M.D., V.P., in the chair. A paper by Mr. C. R. Weld, assistant secretary and librarian to the society, was read, giving an account of the mace presented to the society by King Charles II. in 1663. It has long been believed that this mace is that turned out of the House of Commons by Cromwell, when he uttered the remarkable words, "Take away that fool's bauble;" and several books, professing to be authentic histories, have recorded that the bauble mace is in the possession of the Royal Society. The author of the paper has traced the history of the "bauble," which was made expressly for the Commonwealth parliament a few weeks after the execution of Charles I., and was quite different in form to the royal mace, being nearly destitute of ornament. This mace was used in the House of Commons till within a month of the Restoration, when a new mace was ordered to be made similar to that used in the time of Charles I. The mace in the possession of the Royal Society has not only a large crown and cross, but also the royal arms, and the letters C. R. four times repeated, which make it evident that it is not identical with the Commonwealth mace. But, not satisfied with this evidence, the author instituted a rigid search amongst the archives in the lord chamberlain's office for the warrant, which he supposed might be in existence, for making of a mace for the society, and was so fortunate as to find in the Book of Warrants, for the year 1663, a warrant, under the head of Jewel-House, ordering "one guilt mace of 150 oz. to be prepared and delivered to Lord Brouncker, president of the Royal Society of London, for the improving of natural knowledge by experiments, being a gift from his majesty to the said society." The discovery of this important document entirely destroys the long-entertained belief of the identity of the "bauble" mace and that in the possession of the Royal Society, and, at the same time, one of the most singular and popular errors on record.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

*May 1st.*—Lord Prudhoe, president, in the chair. Prof. Willis "On the gradual development of the plan of a mediæval church, considered historically." It was Prof. Willis's great purpose to illustrate the operation of two principles on mediæval sacred architecture: 1st, The necessity which restricted the artist to the adoption of forms of structure

which prevailed during his times; and 2dly, The necessity which obliged him to modify those forms with reference to the purposes of the sacred building he was constructing. The pagan temple suggested the form of a Christian church. The basilica, in like manner, suggested many of its interior arrangements; yet the temple required accommodation only for the image of the Deity and for the priests (the worshippers performing their sacrifices without), and, therefore, was unsuited as a model for a church in which large congregations had to be received at the same time. The basilica, on the other hand, though constructed for secular purposes, was adapted for the reception of numbers at once. The Christian architect therefore copied many of its details, with the requisite modifications. Thus the gallery of the basilica, with its high parapet, designed to seclude those who met there from being distracted by sounds and sights in the body of the building, gave the idea of the Christian triforium. In this case, however, as the purpose was altogether opposite, the arrangement was entirely changed. This is seen in the lowness of the triforium parapet, evidently modified for the purpose of exhibiting to those who resorted thither the ceremonies performed in the body of the church. Prof. Willis then adverted to the clerestory windows which furnished light to this gallery. These were originally derived from Egyptian temples. They were first adopted by the Romans, and then transferred to the Christian Church. The apse of the church might have been taken from the hall of justice which was attached to the basilica. Here, however, the principle of modification adverted to by the professor was strikingly illustrated. The cavern beneath the floor, supposed to have been made for the purpose of receiving prisoners waiting their trial, was adapted to the "confession" (the depository of the remains of the patron saint), and from this the crypt extended. It was, however, in the changes made in the form of Christian churches, when the worship of relics began to prevail, that the principle of modification to meet special exigencies came into fullest operation. Prof. Willis shewed how, from the necessity of providing altars for the worship of many relics deposited in the same church, the aisle, itself derived from the temple and the basilica, came to be carried round the body of the church and behind the principal apse. The origin of the form of triapsal churches was then noticed, and it was shewn that in these the central apse was appropriated to the administration of the eucharist, while the side apses were used to receive the sacred elements contributed by the congregation, and as a place of deposit for the vestments of the priests. Having traced the development of the ambo into the rood-loft, Prof. Willis concluded by recommending that the architects employed to construct Anglican churches should not be too much restricted to models derived from Roman churches, but that they should be encouraged to make those modifications in them which are suggested by the essential differences between the ritual of these forms of Christian faith.

At the close of this communication, Prof. Faraday produced specimens of a substance which he had recently received from Anatolia. This production is now furnishing food in a district where famine prevails. It was described in the country whence it came as not being a vegetable, and as falling with the morning dew. Prof. Faraday, however, ascertained it to be a mucilaginous vegetable, rich in salts of lime. In this view he was confirmed by Sir Robert Brown, who believes it to be a fungus, growing on rocks, and resembling the South African species *Stereocaulon*.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

*March 25th.*—Mr. Horner, president, in the chair. The following communications were read: 1. "On the geology of the Falkland Islands," by Mr. C. Darwin. The author stated that the low land of these islands consists of clay slate, containing

subordinate layers of sandstone, and that the slate occasionally, though very rarely, and the sandstone more commonly, give indication of fossils. The result of the examination of these fossils by Mr. Morris and Mr. Sharpe proves the existence of palæozoic forms in the south, singularly resembling, though not identical with, those of the northern hemisphere. The exact position among palæozoic strata which the Falkland Island slates occupy it still appears difficult to determine. The slaty and fossiliferous beds of these islands are broken by numerous east and west ranges of stratified quartz, attaining sometimes the height of 2500 feet. This rock seems occasionally to form a kind of breccia or conglomerate, but the slate passes insensibly into it. The author then proceeded to describe in detail some very remarkable instances of contortion and disturbance that he had observed in these quartz beds.

2. "On the coal-fields of Alabama," by Mr. C. Lyell. The author, in this paper, announced the fact, that the great Appalachian coal-field of North America extends southwards as far as lat. 33° 10', where it is covered up with beds of the cretaceous period. The coal is worked in open quarries at Tuscaloosa, near the centre of Alabama, and is there associated with carbonaceous shales, containing many fossil vegetable remains, recognised as of the same species as those found in the mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The strike of these coalbeds is N.E. and S.W. The coal in this district appears to occupy the highest place in the carboniferous series of deposits, and with it occur white quartzose sandstone and grits, reposing on shales and clays containing seams of coal of less value. These are of considerable thickness, and overlie a great deposit of quartzose grit, passing downwards into thinly laminated sandstones. Next succeeds a group of fetid limestones, with chert, resting on another limestone, in which occurs what seems to be a bed of brown hæmatite of vast thickness. The Alabama coal-fields may be considered as forming three basins, of which the most westerly is not less than ninety miles long, and from ten to thirty miles across, and the eastern is of nearly as great extent. The third is to the north, and appears to be of smaller dimensions.

*April 8th.*—Mr. Horner, president, in the chair. A paper was read "On the superficial detritus of Sweden, and on the probable causes which have affected the surface of the rocks in the central and southern portions of that kingdom," by Sir R. I. Murchison. The author commenced by stating the very remarkable appearance and character of the detritus in Sweden, and referred to his recent work on Russia, where the subject is discussed at some length. He then gave a full account of the appearances observed in the island of Gothland, and afterwards illustrated by various examples these two important propositions, viz. 1, that there is a neat, clear, and absolute distinction between that rolled drift which has produced striæ and other phenomena considered glacial, and the great angular blocks of Scandinavia, which are distinctly superposed on the other drift, and not connected with the markings in question; and 2, that there are great fields of angular blocks, *in situ*, whose collocation may be explained by reference to the existing causes still producing analogous results on the banks of the Dwina and of Lake Onega in Russia; so that, if we suppose this operation simply extended to a shallow and glacial sea, there will be no difficulty in accounting for even the most striking of the appearances in question. The author, in conclusion, expressed his conviction, that for the purpose of explaining the phenomena of drift, we must look to the action of water as of infinitely greater importance than that of ice; and stated that his opinion, derived from the study of erratic blocks and rolled drift in Scania, harmonises well with the conclusions recently arrived at by Professors Owen and E. Forbes, from zoological and botanical considerations, and that very great changes must have taken place in the physical

cal outlines of Northern Europe within a very recent geological epoch.

## CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 28th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The discussion upon the improvement of the Clyde navigation was renewed by a statement from Mr. Atherton. He gave a brief exposition of the past history of the Clyde navigation, from the time when the only craft on the river were a few herring-boats, and the water was suffered to overflow a wide extent on either side of the channel, converting it into an extensive morass. He then mentioned the various projects for improving the navigation; Smeaton's design for a lock on the main channel, which fortunately was never executed. To Rennie, it appeared to be universally admitted, must be attributed the credit of propounding the general principle of the Clyde improvements, which were commenced under him, and were so successfully continued by Telford and others. Rennie's principle was, that the whole surface-waters of the river should be brought within definite limits; that in the lower parts these limits should be very spacious, but gradually and equally diminishing upwards, not by sudden intakes, but by gradual convergence of the restricted width. By this principle, the current of the land-flood being concentrated, their power of augmenting the depth of the channel would have full opportunity of acting beneficially. It was also expected that the rising tidal waters entering between the widely extended limits of the lower districts would expend their momentum, as they ascended the converging channel, in raising the height of the tidal wave, and produce an effect analogous to the extraordinary elevation attained by the tides in the Severn, in consequence of the gradual convergence of the shores of the Bristol Channel. Thus the land-floods and the sea-tides were to combine in producing useful effects—the velocity of the former in deepening the channel at low water, the latter in preserving or continuing the surface of high water even to Glasgow at the estuary level. The difficulty was in commencing the works without funds; they were, however, begun in an economical manner, by running out jetties of fascines of wood and stone from the opposite sides of the river, so as to bring the channel within certain limits: the effect of these jetties was to commence the deepening of the channel by increasing the scour. Owing to the increase of manufactures, and of the iron and coal-trade, at Glasgow, shipping began to frequent the river; the port-dues were kept low; and an annual revenue commenced; greater exertions were made to increase the facilities for admitting ships of greater draught. Telford followed in Rennie's footsteps, by uniting by stone dykes longitudinally the extremities of the projecting jetties; steam dredging-boats were employed to cut away the shoals, and diving-bells to remove the rocks which impeded the free current of the stream. Walker followed the same course, and the result was, that the depth of water was so increased, that instead of only being capable of receiving fishing-boats of a draught of water of under six feet, vessels drawing seventeen feet were tugged by steamers to Glasgow quays, and the annual revenue of the port at present exceeded 50,000*l*. The speaker proceeded to comment with eulogy upon the proceedings of the Clyde trustees and their engineers, and dissented from the view of the tidal-harbour commission in their recommendation of opening up the river for the free admission of the tidal water, so as to cause them to act by reflux; which, it was contended by the speaker, generally would not be so effective as continuing to improve the channel, and persevering in the same course which had hitherto proved so effectual. Some discussion ensued as to the propriety of some measures adopted in certain parts of the river; but it appeared generally admitted that the works so wisely conceived had been very ably conducted, and that the results were to render the Clyde a model for works under similar circumstances.

The discussion was continued so long as to preclude the reading of any papers.

May 5th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was "A descriptive account of the recent works designed by Mr. W. Cubitt for the improvement of the river Severn," by Mr. E. L. Williams. In these new works, the object was the removal of fourteen natural dams, and the substitution of four artificial weirs, placed diagonally across the channel of the river, and, in connexion with these weirs, a series of locks, placed in artificial lateral channels, by means of which the navigation was maintained. These weirs and locks were described as situated at Lincomb, Holt, Bevere, and Diglis; Lincomb being one mile below Stourport, Diglis one mile below Worcester, and Holt and Bevere at intermediate distances. The general dimensions of all the locks resembled that at Lincomb, which was 100 feet long by 20 feet wide, and 17 feet 9 inches deep, with a lift of 8 feet, and a depth of 6 feet 6 inches over the cills. It is built of stone and brickwork upon a foundation of red sandstone rock. The water was admitted to, and discharged from, the lock-chamber in a peculiar manner. A lateral arched culvert was built parallel to the side walls of the lock. It communicated with the bottom of the chamber by seven lateral arched openings at right angles to the culvert, and by it 16,000 cubic feet of water flowed in or out of the lock in one minute and a half, and loaded vessels have frequently been passed through in three minutes. The construction of all the locks was described as similar to that at Lincomb. The weirs, which are chiefly built across the bed of the river, but in one instance in an artificial channel, were fully described. They are constructed of large rubble stone, abutting against a foundation of piling, and vary in length between 300 and 400 feet. The facility with which the freshes are discharged by these weirs was accounted for by their length, their obliquity, and the uninterrupted action of the under current. It was found that the under current was improved by the obliquity of the weirs, and less impediment was offered to the water than by weirs placed at right angles to the stream. In fact, if the area of the section, represented by multiplying the length of the oblique weir into the depth of the sheet of water flowing over it, was equal to the area of the direct transverse section of the water of the river above it, the weir offered no impediment to the water, and the stream flowed onwards with a regular velocity. Instances of the free action of the under current were given; and a series of experiments, made in connexion with these works, proved that the under current flowed in lines parallel to the surface of the river till it reached the foot of the weir. The fall at low water between Stourport and Worcester was stated to be at the rate of 21 inches per mile, while between Worcester and Gloucester it was only at the rate of 4½ inches per mile. On account of this variation, a different mode of improvement was there adopted, viz. removing the shoals by dredging, and constructing a series of embankments for the purpose of equalising the width and depth of the river. The whole series of locks and weirs between Stourport and Gloucester was completed in the short space of fifteen months. The works have been satisfactorily tested by the floods of two winters, and the efficiency of the weirs in discharging the flood-waters has been fully demonstrated.

The following paper was announced to be read at the next meeting: "On the combustion of fuel under steam-boilers, with a description of Bodmer's fire-grate," by Mr. J. G. Bodmer.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 30.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. Cardwell, St. Alban's Hall, Rev. W. J. Newman, Wadham College, grand compounders; Rev. J. W. Martyn, G. Butler, fellow, Exeter College; Rev. C. R. Conybeare, student, Rev. B. Corbett, Christ Church; M. Williams, University College; C. E. Maberly, Balliol College; T. S. Hewitt, Worcester College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—The Earl of Pomfret, Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., grand compounders, the Hon. W. S. H. Pierrepont, Christ Church; J. T. Plummer, R. A. Rawstone, J. Hughes, and W. Harrison, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 30.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor of Divinity*.—Rev. S. H. Macaulay, Jesus Coll. *Masters of Arts*.—F. J. Gruggen, Rev. J. S. Clarke, St. John's College; J. H. Glover, Clare Hall; G. J. Bunyon, H. A. Goodwin, Corpus Christi Coll.; A. Bealey, T. Hare, Queen's College; T. L. Owen, Jesus College; F. Fitch, R. Middlemist, Christ's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—R. Bendyshe, B. Waller, Trin. Coll.; T. J. Bennetts, T. H. Edwards, M. F. Sadler, St. John's College; H. P. P. Crease, H. J. R. Rathbone, Clare Hall; A. C. Forbes, G. W. Pieritz, Caius College; J. S. Smith, T. G. Smith, Trinity Hall; J. T. Brown, T. P. White, Corpus Christi College; E. Fox, Queen's College; R. C. Digham, O. P. Oakes, Emanuel College.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 7th.—Mr. Hamilton, V.P., in the chair. A paper, communicated by or through Mr. Way, on a Roman pharos attached to the walls of London; and a longer paper, by Mr. Beke, on the transactions of the Jesuits in Abyssinia, were read. Some discussion arose upon the pretended pharos, which Mr. Roach Smith said he had examined and found to be built of modern materials!

It was announced from the chair that a special meeting of the Council had been held in the afternoon, at which it had been determined that, at the anniversary on St. George's Day next year, the dinner should be held at six o'clock instead of half-past five; and that the three balloting lists should be combined in one.

## BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

May 6th.—*Public Meeting*.—Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. Thirteen new associates and several presents were announced. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt exhibited a drawing of a bronze spear-head, of unusual form, with small loops at the sides, recently ploughed up at Heaghe, in Derbyshire, which gave rise to a discussion on the probable use of the loops. Mr. E. Dunthorne exhibited a drawing of a silver ring, recently found in a field at Brundish, in Suffolk, chiefly remarkable for the following curious inscription on a chevron edge:

+ Me eylet, me eylet, me eylet,  
That Hope behotet and failet.

It is probably of the earlier part of the fourteenth century. Mr. Purland exhibited a flint celt, found in digging a well for the stables in Portland Road, in 1831; and a flint arrow-head, found on the beach at Ramsgate, in 1827. Mr. Popham Lethbridge exhibited rubbings of a very interesting specimen of what has been called a *palimpsest* brass, from Cobham Church, Surrey. It had originally been a very fine brass of a priest bearing the chalice; which was afterwards taken, for the sake of economy, and the figure of a knight of the time of Henry VII., and supposed to be a Sutton, engraved on the other side. Some other instances of such palimpsests were mentioned in the course of the discussion that followed, and Mr. Waller promised to prepare for a future meeting some observations on the subject. Mr. Nicholson, of Lincoln, exhibited a beautiful drawing of the fine Roman tessellated pavement recently found in Lincoln Castle, an account of the discovery of which was laid before the Association a short time ago. Mr. J. A. Barton communicated a description with drawings of old buildings, now used as a farm-house, at Chale, in the Isle of Wight, which he supposes to be the remains of an early manor-house, probably the residence of the De Esturs, and after them of the De Langfords, who are spoken of in old documents as being of Chale. The most curious part of the edifice is the ancient hall. A very singular fireplace, of considerable antiquity, was discovered a short time ago, in removing some panelling. Mr. Rosser read some notices of the Raphael tapestries at Ford Abbey, in Devonshire; and on the manufacture of tapestries in general. This paper also led to an animated discussion on the different copies of the tapestries formed from Raphael's designs, in which Messrs. Croker, Waller,

Cahuac, Jerdan, and others, took part. It appeared to be the general opinion that most of these tapestries were later copies, and not originals.

Mr. Smith, after a few observations on some gold coins which had been sent him by Mrs. Gorham, and of which an account had already been given in one of the meetings of the council, proceeded to lay before the assembly casts of a few out of a great number of coins of Carausius, recently discovered near Rouen. Considerable numbers of the coins of this usurper had been found in England, but it was very uncommon to find them on the Continent, and this discovery was in every respect peculiarly important. They differed much from the coins collected in England; and out of only sixteen (of which Mr. Smith had yet had casts), there were two entirely new types, one of them with the reverse *ÆQUITAS MUNDI* round a figure of Equity holding a pair of scales, and the other with the word *TVETELA* only inscribed on the obverse. The whole mass found at Rouen comprised about two hundred varieties, and Mr. Smith hoped soon to be able to give an account of the rest. He pointed out as a remarkable circumstance that the heads on all these coins resembled more those of the previous emperors than that of Carausius, and he supposed that this was to be accounted for by supposing that they had been struck in Gaul immediately that commander had assumed the purple on the opposite coast, and that the moneyers having no authentic portrait of Carausius, made a fancy portrait of him. Mr. Smith pointed out the great importance of the coinage of Carausius (which was a very good one), in the absence of inscriptions and other monuments, to illustrate the history of this remarkable prince; it would seem as if the Roman emperors had caused all the statues and inscriptions to his honour to be destroyed and erased after his death. Mr. Jerdan made a remark on the value of these materials of history, and suggested the importance of a biography of Carausius. Mr. Wright said that perhaps it was not generally known to the members of the Association that their secretary, Mr. Roach Smith, had been long occupied in preparations for the history of Carausius, and he did not know another person in England so well qualified for the task. He had no doubt, when that work appeared, that the discovery now brought before the meeting, as well as many others, would be turned to good account.

Mr. Smith then called the attention of the meeting to a collection of Roman pottery from the Upchurch marshes, at the mouth of the Medway, which was spread over the table, and which had been collected in a visit to that place by himself and Messrs. Wickham (of Strood), Wright, Jerdan, Fairholt, and Dunkin, at the beginning of the present week. Mr. Smith said that the Upchurch marshes, which had evidently been the site of very extensive Roman potteries, contained at a small computation, hundreds of waggon-loads of *débris*, which might be seen in layers of near a foot thick in some of the banks, and which were scattered in immense quantities over the mud in the little creeks formed by the encroachments of the sea, in which latter portion the perfect specimens, by their weight, had sunk to a greater depth than the lighter fragments of broken pottery, which often lay scattered over the surface. The pottery found here was of a great variety of shapes, and frequently ornamented in a rude manner; it was of a peculiar character, and often very elegant, but had no figures of hunting subjects, &c., like that of the potteries found at Castor, in Northamptonshire, by Mr. Artis. These latter extended over about forty square miles. Other extensive potteries, of a different kind of ware, had been found in the Dimchurch marshes on the southern coast of Kent. He had just received a letter from an associate there, announcing the discovery of quantities in a position in the sea which could only be reached at very low tides, at a distance of about six hundred yards from the high-water mark, combined with traces of what appeared to be a sort of pier and jetty. Mr. Wright,

as one of the party, described the impression which these remarkable remains had produced upon him. He said that, by the reports of the men who accompanied them, it appeared that the pottery extended from five to six miles in length by about four in breadth, so that not much less than twenty square miles had been covered with a layer of pottery, the greater part of which had evidently been broken when deposited there, and most of that which was unbroken appeared to have been damaged in the making, so that in all probability it was the refuse of the manufactories, thrown out perhaps during two hundred or two hundred and fifty years. After the spot had been deserted, these remains had become in course of time covered with soil to a depth of from two or three feet to five or six, according to the inequalities of the ground on which they had been thrown. The sea, in the course of ages, had gained very considerably upon the coast in this part of England, and had broken the ground into numerous little creeks. In the sides of the low banks thus broken into, the layers of pottery were distinctly seen in places where they lay high. In the creeks themselves the masses of various ware were in some parts a little under the mud in their original state, whilst in other parts the broken pieces were profusely scattered over the surface. Mr. Wright pointed out the interest of these discoveries, as they helped to give us an idea of the state of manufactures in our island under the Romans, and their extent seemed to shew a much greater population in our island than was generally supposed. They furnished us with historical information to be obtained from no other quarter. We were now well acquainted with the existence of very extensive Roman potteries at Castor, in Northamptonshire, and at Upchurch and Dimchurch in Kent, and with manufactories of urns, bracelets, and ornaments of various kinds, from the Kimmeridge coal, in Dorsetshire; continued researches would no doubt bring to light traces of manufactories of different kinds in other parts of Britain. Mr. Newton said that we also knew the Romans had great woollen manufactories at Winchester. Mr. Jerdan also stated briefly the observations he had made in the visit to the Upchurch marshes, and expressed the delight and astonishment which their appearance had excited in him. He felt much difficulty in imagining by what agency these vast layers of pottery had become covered by several feet of superincumbent clayey soil. Another gentleman suggested that, to account for the want of such an immense quantity of pottery as must have been made, where the mere refuse covered so great an extent of ground, it was probable there was a great export trade, and that a considerable portion of the produce of these potteries was shipped for Italy. This would in some measure obviate the necessity of imagining a large population in the island. Mr. Brent inquired if there were any reasons for supposing that the accumulation of soil might be the alluvial deposit of a flood. Mr. Wright observed that the position of these remains under the present surface of the ground was at a less depth than the general position of Roman remains throughout England. It was much the same with the Northamptonshire potteries. Several other persons spoke on this interesting subject, and the discussion was prolonged to rather a late hour. The chairman, in dissolving the meeting, said that there remained a considerable number of very interesting communications, which must remain over for the next public meeting; among these the most remarkable were notes and extracts, by the Rev. L. B. Larking, from a large collection of documents relating to the preparations made in Kent to withstand the threatened descent by the Spanish Armada, and for the foreign wars of the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, giving a most curious and amusing picture of the mode of raising, equipping, and training soldiers at that time; and an account, by Mr. Wake Smart, of British antiquities found in a cave near Torquay, in Devonshire, among a deposit of bones of extinct animals.

#### THE PERCY SOCIETY.

ON Thursday week the annual meeting of this literary association was held in the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature (liberally lent for the occasion), Lord Braybrooke, the president, in the chair, Mr. Thomas Wright, the secretary, read the following report\* of "The Percy Society, for the publication of ancient ballads, poetry, and popular literature." The Percy Society has now completed its sixth year, and has produced a series of publications illustrating the literary history of this country, which may fairly be compared for interest and value, in proportion with their number, with those of any other similar society which has existed during the same period. The Council lays the report of its year's labours before the society at large, in the confidence that it has used its best exertions, according to its judgment, to carry out the original objects for which it was instituted. One circumstance only has distinguished the present year's publications from those of the preceding years. It was found that, with the comparatively small funds at the disposal of the society, the monthly issue, which had been persevered in during the first five years, rendered it impossible to print any work of considerable bulk, however desirable in itself, without inconveniently diminishing its resources for the rest of the year; and the council was thus obliged to relinquish several publications of considerable interest. It was therefore determined, at the commencement of the sixth year, to discontinue the monthly issue, and to publish only every second month. The following books, amounting on the whole to about the average extent of those of former years, are the publications of the year now ended:

Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads.  
The Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.  
The Pastime of Pleasure. An allegorical poem. By S. Hawes.  
The Civic Garland, a collection of Songs from London Pageants.  
Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England.  
The Romance of Syr Tryamour.  
The Introductory Essay on the Romance of the Seven Sages.

"The last of these works has been retarded by circumstances which could not be avoided, but it will be ready for delivery, along with the titles for the year, in a few days. The attention of the council has been latterly called to the mode of delivery of the society's publications, and it has been judged advisable in future to send each work at the society's expense, when ready, to the members residing in London who have paid their subscriptions, in preference to the old system of delivering it only on application at the society's office in St. Martin's Lane. The council has not been inattentive to suggestions of works for future publication; and it is enabled to announce among the works thus suggested, several of which are in an advanced state of preparation, the following:

The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. A new and correct text, from the best manuscripts, with Notes. By Thomas Wright. It is intended to publish the first volume in the course of the ensuing year.  
The Poems of Hoccleve. To be edited by W. H. Black, Esq.  
A Collection of Ballads relating to the Persecutions of the Roman Catholics in the North of England, during the Reign of Elizabeth. To be edited by Sir Cuthbert Sharp.  
An unpublished Interlude by John Heywood, entitled 'A Dialogue between Witty and Witles'; with an introductory notice of the Author, and selections from his other Dramatic Works. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.  
A Collection of Satirical Songs and Ballads on Costume, commencing with the Reign of Henry III.; with Illustrative Notes, and Introduction. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.  
A new and more correct Edition of the Songs and Sonnets of the Earl of Surrey.  
An Edition of Heywood's 'Dialogue containing in effect the number of all the Proverbs in the English tongue compact in a matter concerning two Marriages.'

Ballads relating to the Political Affairs of the Reign of Richard III. To be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.  
A Collection of Ballads, in old French and English, relating to Coecaygne. To be edited by T. Wright, Esq.

\* Prepared by Mr. Amyot, chairman of the council, and Mr. Wright, secretary.

A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq.

A Selection of Metrical Panegyrics on the Leaders of the Revolutionary Party in the Seventeenth Century, from Broad-sides of the Times. To be Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane.

The Poems of William Brown, author of 'Britannia's Pastorals.' To be edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

A Collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

The Songs and Sonnets of Dr. Donne."

[And twelve more, the titles of which were given, promising a fund of popular revival and entertainment; as proof of which we need only particularise:]

Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq. F.S.A.L. and &c.

A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest-Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I.; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages. By J. Payne Collier, Esq.

A notable and pleasant History of the famous renowned Knights of the Blade, commonly called Hectors, or St. Nicholas Clerks. 4to, 1652.

"The Council has to announce that the stock of the first year's publications is entirely exhausted, so that it is no longer possible to supply complete sets of the society's works. A set of the first year's publications sold recently for 2*l.* being double the original price; and the others are rising in value. Only a few sets of the second year remain. The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former reports, to members of the society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world."

The reading of this satisfactory report being concluded, Mr. R. Taylor inquired from what manuscript the text of the "Canterbury Tales" was intended to be taken, as it was very important to the English language and literature to have at last a version of Chaucer upon which we could depend. Mr. Wright, in answer, stated that there were several manuscripts of the poet's own time; and it was his design to adopt the best of these, and take the others to compare with it, so as to note any variations which were worthy of attention, and place the whole together in one point of view, so as to meet the desideratum expressed by Mr. Taylor. He farther observed on the imperfect and blundering editions which had hitherto been published of the father of English song. Mr. Taylor was satisfied with this announcement, and thought the production of such a work would be of much benefit to the society.

The report of the auditors was then laid before the meeting, and the accounts found to be in a satisfactory state, though the proposed number of members had not been filled up. The Council for the ensuing year was elected, viz.:

President—The Right Hon. Lord Braybrooke.  
T. Amoyt, Esq.; W. H. Black, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; B. Corney, Esq.; J. H. Dixon, Esq.; F. W. Fairholt, Esq.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; W. Jerdan, Esq.; Captain Johns, R.M.; T. J. Pettigrew, Esq.; W. Sandys, Esq.; T. Wright, Esq.;—all re-elected. And in the room of W. Chappell, P. Cunningham, and W. J. Thoms, Esqrs., who went out in rotation, having attended the meetings least, T. C. Croker, J. S. Moore, and J. Prior, Esqrs.  
Auditors—R. Bell, E. R. Moran, C. R. Smith, Esqrs.

Thanks were voted to the Chairman, as had been previously done to other officers, &c. &c., and the meeting separated.

#### CAMDEN SOCIETY.

The Report of the Council, last Saturday (the anniversary), stated that the investments standing in the name of the trustees have during the past year been increased from 779*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* to 831*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*

three per cent consols. The publications of the past year have been:

Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, Knt., &c. Edited by Lord Braybrooke.

Inedited Letters of the Duke of Perth, from the Originals, in the possession of Lady Willoughby de Eresby. Edited by Mr. W. Jerdan; and

A Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London. Edited by Mr. T. Stapleton.

But the latter work was now only just ready for delivery. Acknowledgments were voted to

Lord Langdale, Sir F. Palgrave, and the Court of Aldermen of the City of London; and to T. W. Bramston, Esq., for the loan of the original *ms.* of Sir John Bramston's Autobiography; and to the Lady Willoughby de Eresby for the use of the Letters of the Duke of Perth.

"The fact that the two last-mentioned volumes, like many of the preceding Camden publications, have been derived from materials in the possession of private individuals, consequently from sources inaccessible to the general reader, furnishes a very striking proof of the advantages which the establishment of the Camden Society is destined to secure for future inquirers into the history of this country."—Report.

The fourth publication for the past year will be the "Diary of a Citizen of Calais," edited by Mr. J. G. Nichols; and the first volume for the next, a further portion of the translation of Polydore Vergil's "History of England," which will very shortly be ready for delivery.

The following are added to the list of promised publications:

A Selection from the Wills preserved in the Will-Office at Bury St. Edmund's. To be edited by Mr. S. Tyms.

The Ancient English and French Romances of Havelok the Dane. To be edited by Sir F. Madden; and

The Autobiography of Ann Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, and other Records preserved in Skipton Castle. To be edited by Mr. E. Hallstone.

The report, it will be seen, is rather meagre, and does not say much for the life and activity of the Camden Society. It is now nearly a year since a work has been issued from this lethargic condition; and, with few exceptions, the earlier volumes are decreasing in their marketable value; an inevitable result of the printing of so large a number as 1250 copies.\* This is merely to be regretted in case the society's list of members should be affected by it; but it is certain that there can be no surer way of ruining the institution than the occurrence of such delays in its publications as we have noticed. Where there are of necessity postponements to allow time for editorial labours and useful annotations, means ought to be taken to keep up the supply by texts which do not require so much pains in illustrating. Two works per annum are dear at the subscription.

#### THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY

Also held its annual general meeting last week; at which a report was read of (as we are informed, for we have not seen it) a satisfactory nature; and arrangements for the ensuing year were made.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8*½* P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8*½* P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8*½* P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Graphic, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8*½* P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution (Rev. E. Sidney "On the nature and habits of certain minute fungi attacking the agricultural produce of the country"), 8*½* P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic (anniversary meeting), 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

THOUGH, on one hand, it is frequently observed that there is no disputing about Taste, yet, on the other hand, we are under the necessity of admitting

\* The first year of the Percy, on the contrary, as was stated at the meeting, brings the price of 2*l.*, the subscription being 1*l.*—Ed. L. G.

some standard, the result of the observations of those who are considered as possessing both an original and cultivated sense of what belongs to its empire. The pleasure we derive from beholding beauty, symmetry, elegance, and grace, seems to be of so evanescent a nature, that it might be thought impossible to subject it to an investigation or analysis. It is evident, that it is in our minds that we ought to look for the source of that delight which we derive from contemplating beautiful objects. In the investigation of the various abstract ideas which occupy the human intellect, we arrive at last at certain radical or original ideas, which, by their being awakened, create pleasure or pain. Of these original ideas, *freedom* and *restraint* appear to be two principal ingredients; and whatever object, by a natural association, leads to or produces either the one or the other, must be the cause of that pleasure or pain which we express by beauty or deformity in beholding them. We are even apt to apply the term *beautiful* to what has properly no form, such as the stillness of a serene evening, which at first seems to be a mere negative idea of the absence of all noise, trouble, and perplexity of the mind; yet by a natural association, the idea which that stillness impresses on the mind soon leads to the more original and pleasurable ideas of harmony, peace, concord, and yet farther, to past peaceable enjoyments, absent and deceased friends—the silence of the tomb. The effect of the stillness of the evening hour upon the mind is best expressed by the French word *attendrissement*, and sweetly described by Helen M. Williams in a Sonnet to Twilight:

"For then mild nature, whilst she droops her head,  
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed."

A modern Italian poet applies the word 'beautiful' even to the awful stillness of the night:

"Mentre su colli e pian disteso giace  
Quell' orror bello, che attristando piace."

Virgil in one of his Eclogues makes a swain compare the delight he received from hearing the song of his competitors to the pleasure of sleeping on the grass when tired, or drinking from the crystal stream when hot and thirsty, in these celebrated lines:

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,  
Quale sapor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum  
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo."

The expression of *beautiful* is applied perhaps too indiscriminately to all objects of the sense of hearing as well as seeing, which create pleasurable ideas.

As to the beauty of simple forms, among the lines which constitute these forms, the first that presents itself to our sight is the *straight line*. It may, perhaps, appear to be going needlessly far into the abstract, to observe here, that in viewing a straight line it is not presented to the mind instantaneously (as nothing in nature is effected instantaneously), but the mind passes over the line by degrees, though unconscious of this progression, in the same manner as the origin of a line is mathematically described by a point moving to an opposite situation without the most minute imaginable deviation either to the one side or the other. Such an object presented to the mind must, by the most natural association, lead to the ideas of *restraint*, confinement, anxiety, care, &c. While, on the contrary, the *waving line*, by the same natural association, leads to the agreeable ideas of *freedom*, ease, carelessness. Thence the difference between the emotions created by a view of the straight alley of trees and square pond, and of the winding path through woods and the meandering stream. Mr. Alison, in his *Essay on Taste*, considers association of ideas to be one of the principal causes of the pleasure derived from beautiful objects, but does not trace this association to certain original agreeable or disagreeable ideas.

The sense of congruity, propriety, accord, &c., seems also to form a constituent part of what is called good taste; and that which may appear merely a feeling, will often, after due analysis

manifest itself to be an operation of the judgment, in so imperceptible a manner that we are not for the moment conscious thereof. As far as it relates to this part of taste, every person of good taste may be supposed to be possessed of good judgment, though the converse of this proposition is not always found true, because good judgment, to become good taste, should have a certain degree of quickness in its operation superadded to it, besides a just and unimpeded association of ideas according to their proper alliance.

If the before-mentioned straight horizontal line be converted into a perpendicular one, much of what there is disagreeable in the view of the first is removed, whilst the natural association now leads to the ideas of elevation, support, strength, &c. Thus the sides of gates, doors, and windows would lose every pretence to beauty if they were formed of serpentine lines; yet not so the entrance to a rustic bower. The waving line of the branches of trees shooting upwards in spiral forms is admitted to be a beautiful object; whilst one of these branches inverted, and used as a walking-stick, as once was the fashion, can only borne to be looked at by beings whose taste is as distorted as their walking-sticks.

The form of the circle, whose essence is the equidistance of every point of its circumference from its centre with the most exact precision, does not convey an idea of beauty; whilst the freedom in the line of the oval has, by the elegance of its form, entitled it to be adopted for the head of the last and master-production of nature.—*Man*.\* The triangle presents no beauty, from the sharpness of its angles; but where these are removed, the pyramid rises before us with considerable beauty, resulting from the ideas of elevation, and congruity in its weight decreasing from the bottom upwards. The square presents the horizontal straight line supported by two other straight lines, all resting upon another straight horizontal as a basis, and every one of the same dimension. The view of this figure leads not by association to any idea of freedom, ease, lightness, variety, &c., but produces in the mind ideas of solidity, strength, power, &c., a form proper for the basis of columns to rest on. From the same connexion between this form and strength, power, dignity, arises the propriety of the square form of the draperies, which should, and generally do, clothe persons high in office,—such as high priests, magistrates, judges, and peers; whilst the easy flowing drapery, adapting itself to the elegantly formed limbs of the nymphs and graces, is given by good taste to these light fantastic beings.

The next form which presents itself is the parallelogram or oblong square. This figure possesses considerable beauty, from its conveying the idea of elevation (the two principal lines being perpendicular), and its having also some variety in it, as two of its lines are different from the other two. This figure is also, when turned round its axis, the parent of the beautiful form of the column. The beauty of the oblong square is so generally perceived, that it is always, where elegance is studied, applied to the doors and windows of houses. The more any intersection of this form approaches it to the square, the more it loses of its beauty: thence the inelegance of the frames of the windows in England, which, for the convenience of throwing up the sash, are intersected mostly in the middle; whilst on the Continent, where these

windows are opened like a door, the intersection is considerably above the middle of the frame. From the same source may perhaps be derived the inelegance of the former female dress, which bisected, as it were, the figure into two squares; whilst what is called the Grecian dress places the intersection nearer to the bosom, and thereby gives to the lower part the form of the parallelogram, from which the folds of the drapery fall with greater ease and grace. Even large massive buildings present a greater degree of elegance in the form of the oblong than of the complete square; and the intersection of such a building into two stories is more pleasing to the eye, when the lower story is of greater altitude than the upper one. That judgment is often at the bottom of taste has already been noticed by Home, in his *Essay on Criticism*, where the author observes, that a column standing upon the ground without a pedestal is a disagreeable object, because it seems to be in danger of falling; whilst this disagreeable effect is not perceived when a tree is viewed by us, because we know that it is secured from falling by its roots in the ground.

Having offered these suggestions as preliminary to the exercise of taste in judging of this year's Exhibition, we proceed to our usual notice: adopting something of a numerical order in the march of precedence, but departing from it as peculiar claims present themselves. And in regard to these we may observe, that whilst our most eminent artists continue to maintain their ground, if not to rise above it, the proofs of equal competing skill and genius in younger aspirants of our native school are multiplied in a most gratifying measure.

No. 14. "Ordeal by Touch," D. Maclise, R.A.—Let those who try to run down that native school, look upon this picture, and cease from their unpatriotic, unjust, and unnatural warfare. We reflect upon all the productions we have ever seen of the same genus, in the course of many years of pretty close observation, and we remember nothing, ancient or modern, superior to this. The awful trial, involving life or death, and exalted to the imagination by an exciting superstition appealing to the justice of Heaven, is represented with infinite effect in the prominent characters, and the scene filled with an exuberance of genius in all the subordinate human parts, as well as the accessories to complete pictorial excellence and fulness of accordant incident. The murderer is finely conceived: his averted face, the convulsively strained muscles of his left arm, whilst the palsied right is shrinking with conscious guilt from the touch of the corpse, whence gushes the convicting jet of blood, is altogether a study in which the mind of the artist is made manifest in the highest walk of painting. The wonderful variety of the rest would require a *Gazette* to particularise. After the widow, who must of necessity be strained to the dramatic tragic pitch, there is not a head which is not just and admirable in its expression. Aged warriors, women, children, churchmen, and spectators, all tend to one purpose—to add to the solemnity and terror of the event. See the youth on the extreme left, see the red-capped watcher, see the passionless abbot or bishop—in short, see every countenance on the canvass, and read in the whole a history told by the pencil, every circumstance of which is impressed upon you in a manner never to be forgotten.

No. 22. "A Dutch Dogger carrying away her Spirit." C. Stanfield, R.A.—Her "spirit" is all spirit; a small but most delightful specimen of the master, who has three other splendid productions in the Gallery: 188, "Il Ponto rotto, Rome," a broken bridge with ruined architectural sculpture, beautifully picturesque, and the river as translucent as nature; 342, Italian seaport, another fine view; and 396, a yet grander scene on the Zuyder Zee. The last is a truly splendid composition. The wonderful freedom with which the artist handles seas and skies, and combines them with the material objects of his selection for landscape effect, is developed in this picture to a very high

degree. As the owner of a yacht (and one of the Yacht Club) observed to us, he "goes a chalk" beyond your Vandevelde, Backhuysens, and other Dutch skippers.

No. 53. "Time of Peace;" 83. "Time of War." E. Landseer, R.A.—Here, as in Maclise, we have to eulogise the merit of original invention (a rare quality!) added to the well-known and not over-appreciated charms of Edwin Landseer's pencil. In the one are combined many happy images of peace; in the other a like aggregate of the dismal effects of war. A rusted cannon lying on the grassy coast at Dover, amidst browsing sheep and goats, a lamb peeping into the muzzle, a youthful group below in harmless employment, a steamer leaving the port with passengers for amicable France, and other congenial symbols throughout, illustrate the loveliness of Peace; whilst, in the contrast scene, dead and dying men and horses, slain in a ravaged flower-garden, a burning cottage, and ruin on every hand, tell the sad tale of the destructiveness of War. The moral lesson is irresistibly striking; and when it is also found that the manipulation of the artist to the skill of the Flemish joins the ease of the English school, it will readily be conceived that these are among the triumphs of the Exhibition. Will it not mark excellence, when we say we cannot discover a blemish in the execution; if it be not that the rust-colour of the gun is too much the same in a smooth brown tone all over, and is not marked by the irregular stains of time.\*—165. "Stag at bay;" a worthy companion of the two like subjects which now adorn the print-shop windows in every quarter.—291. "Refreshment." A weary horse drinking, and one of Mr. Landseer's favourite themes, treated in his accustomed manner. We cannot but think, however, that the tiredness of the limbs is rather overdone, though the draughtsman is unquestionably a master of the horse.

Nos. 59, 74, 237, 384, 411, 494, are the dazzling visions of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This wonderful colourist is out of the pale of our criticism, and belongs to a world of his own, which seems to be inexhaustible. Every year produces new readings of his unpublished poem of "Fallacies;" and every year brings the same outcry of extravagance and folly, and of supreme admiration. Grant the style, and there are certainly amazing things in these paintings to call forth encomium. The red sunset in one, the ghost-like sails in another (No. 237), the fantastic but extraordinary commingling of the supernatural in a third (No. 384), and the singular effects in all, astonish us. So entirely is the eye carried away by a sort of indistinct and harmonious magic, that we seem to consent to the abandonment of solid truth and real nature altogether, and allow dark ships to be chrome-yellow, whales glittering pink, human beings sun or moon-beams, and little thick dabs of paint ethereal clouds. Like the pseudo-doctor in the farce, we forget the actual appearance of things, and confess that Mr. Turner has "changed all that" in a most extraordinary way.

Nos. 444, 475, 500. F. Danby, A.—The first from *Rasselas*, a comparative failure; the second, "Sunrise—the Fisherman's Home," perhaps the most deeply impressive and sublimely poetical composition of the year; and the last, "The Dawn of Morning," worthy, as a work of art, to be its companion, but not so grand in sentiment.

No. 575. "The Visitation and Surrender of Syon Nunnery," &c.—P. F. Poole, one of the bright rising stars of our sphere. The Cromwellian inroad upon sanctified retirement, and perhaps a *lelele* of sensual enjoyment, is represented with great vigour and characteristic variety. The right and left offer a fine balance of colour; on the one side the darker and richer tone of the rifiers, and on the other the monotonous hues of the nuns. The sly looks of some of the latter, and the severe

\* We are told that this pair has been painted for Mr. Vernon; and that the artist receives besides 2,000*l.* for copyright for engravings.

\* An amusing illustration of some of these principles may be produced even by children and very juvenile arts. It is by tracing the variety of mathematical figures, circles, different degrees of the oval, squares also from the perfect to the narrowest oblong, and triangles from equilateral to the acute and obtuse, and filling up the spaces with human features ever so rudely. The effects are very dull. You can hardly fill up a Square in this manner without producing a countenance impressed with sagacity, nor an Oval without drawing the consequence even so curious, that a family party may happily divert a whole long evening by converting Euclid's Elements into human faces. *Verbum sat.*—Ed. L. G.

and scowling features of monks; the busy examination of costly articles marked for plunder; the unwilling submissiveness of the terrified elders; and the reckless nonchalance or avidity of their visitors, are all wrought into a piece of historical reality, which belongs to the best style of pictures of this high class.

No. 545. "The Disgrace of Lord Clarendon, in 1667,"—E. M. Ward,—is another of the most distinguished specimens of our young and mounting art. The fantastic fashions of the court of the second Charles are here in perfection—finished with the same pains as the belles and beaux of that period wasted upon their vain and frivolous persons. Clarendon's grave descent on the stairs of Whitehall, amid the taunts and jeers of male and female courtiers, is very ably managed; and the whole scene is sparkling with the embodied spirit of the anecdote which is related in the biography of the ex-chancellor.

No. 550. Near these two, we were struck by "The Loves of the Angels," T. Mogford, as affording another gratifying instance of rising talent. There is much beauty in this picture, and the general tone is in perfect unison with the warm and genial flesh-tints of the figures. There are no superior examples of colour in the nude in the Gallery, and few that approach it. The descending angel is perhaps a little too stiff and upright; but the attitudes and contour of the others are irreproachable.

From Mr. Mogford, the transition is obvious to Etty, who has six subjects in his own rich manner—full of the beauties and impaired by some of the blemishes of art. No. 37, "The Grape-gatherer," is not to our taste. Two hips or two knees to one limb are apparent, the upper portion of the drapery is coarsely done, and the shadows are crude and unblending. Neither is 166, from *Comus*, with all its fine parts, entirely to our mind. The bosoms, generally, are not modelled after a captivating form. 200, "The Choice of Paris," might be equally criticised, but is altogether a more perfect Etty. The central goddess is one of his finest pieces of colour. 264, "The Sea-bather," to our fancy, beats them all, and is a notable example of the unrivalled excellence achieved in this line by the painter.

No. 111. "The Visit to the Nun," is the only production of Mr. Eastlake, and a charming composition. The lovely girl, whose sacrifice is going on, breathes of the living world, yet is doomed to the gloomy cloister. The tone, however, is more Italian than natural; and it would seem as if the artist would not penetrate beyond the somewhat waxy texture of the great old masters to the flesh and blood of life. Nothing can be more finished, yet there is a lack of vitality.

No. 140. "Choosing the Wedding Gown," W. Mulready, R.A.—A gem!—a perfect gem in character, in colour, and in treatment. It would require an essay to point out the charms of this admirable performance; we dare not attempt it. 1048, a sketch by the same hand, merits a glance.

David Roberts, R.A., is rich as usual in Oriental forms and features, and the atmosphere and skies of the East. 91, "A Street in Cairo," is a good example of the picturesque; but 209, "Baalbec," is a vast and imposing panorama, on which he has lavished his powers. 286 is a continental diversity; a delightful picture of the high altar of St. Antoine's, Ghent. All his contributions, five in number, worthy of his fame.

No. 112. "Please remember the Grotto"—T. Webster, R.A. elect—is a capital show of a scene familiar to the streets of London on the 5th of August, when urchins gather pence and oyster-shells to build and light a grotto. It is a pleasing subject, and told with the utmost truth and effect—nothing vulgar, yet all as amusingly ragged and mendicant as the aspects of the anniversary itself. 417. A yet more agreeable work: children of all ages bidding their father at his supper-meal "Good Night." It is refreshing to contemplate this domestic scene; and the boy at prayers to his grand-

mother is one of those touches which bring home this artist's pictures of juvenile life to every heart.

There are not so overwhelming a proportion of portraits as usual; but we must reserve our notice of them, landscapes, and other productions, sacred, poetical, genre, &c. &c., till more of our Numbers visit the light.

*The Pencil of Nature.* By H. Fox Talbot. No. VI. Longmans.

THIS No. of genuine sun-pictures, unaided by art, gives us, first, a rich view of Westminster Abbey, curiously affected by atmospheric tints. Hagar in the Desert is a specimen of a different kind from any hitherto produced in this interesting work. It is a photographic copy from an original sketch, by F. Mola, at Munich, and procured simply by super-position, so as to be a facsimile of the original. Such transcripts of the old masters, Mr. Talbot states, can be multiplied to any extent, and be thus made an invaluable repository of the fine arts. The last plate is a fruit-piece; upon which the author makes the following observations:

"The number of copies which can be taken from a single original photographic picture appears to be almost unlimited, provided that every portion of iodine has been removed from the picture before the copies are made; for if any of it is left, the picture will not bear repeated copying, but gradually fades away. This arises from the chemical fact, that solar light and a minute portion of iodine, acting together (though neither of them separately), are able to decompose the oxide of silver, and to form a colourless iodide of the metal. But, supposing this accident to have been guarded against, a very great number of copies can be obtained in succession, so long as great care is taken of the original picture."

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, May 5, 1846.

ONE of our most serious literary men, M. Matter, known as the author of several works considered by our Academies as worthy of the prizes they bestow, has just produced, published by Amyot, a series of letters inedited or printed in collections unknown and difficult of access. These are destined either to elucidate historical points, or to give models of epistolary style, or to exhibit in a new light characters hitherto ill-judged. As no rigorous order in arrangement binds the editor of these precious documents, personages the most various find themselves side by side in this learned compilation, to which abundance of notes and most ingenious comments have given the value of an original work. You meet in it at the same time Louis XI. and the Comte de Tressan, Marguerite de Valois and Fontenelle, Charles-Quint and D'Alembert, Casaubon, Mary Stuart, Henry IV., Descartes, Ménéage, and a good many others.

Louis XI. is presented under two different aspects, in two notes differing widely in style. The first is addressed to "Mons. le Marquis très cher et très grand amy de Mantoue," to beg of him to lend his aid towards forwarding a marriage which was much desired by the king of France—the marriage of the Princess Claire de Gonzague with Louis I. of Bourbon, Dauphin of Auvergne. Louis XI. on this occasion uses no diplomatic arts; he comes to the point at once, and declares himself in anticipation "fort joyeux que la chose se parfasse"—delighted that it may be done. "Monsieur le Marquis, mon amy (he adds), cil est quelque chose que je puisse pour vous, faytes le moy Savoir et je le feray de bon cœur." (Sir Marquis, my good friend, if there be anything I can do for you, let me know, and I will do it with right good will.) It is not possible to place oneself more graciously at the disposal of another. The second note, more familiar still, is addressed by the monarch to one of his most intimate favourites, whom he invites to come and see "if Compiègne is pleasant during the shooting season." One would imagine the unpre-

tending call of some good fellow who has no thought beyond enlivening his leisure moments. It is scarcely easy to recognise the ferocious tyrant of Plessis-les-Tours.

Marguerite de Valois writes to Francis I. in a moment of political crisis. The Spaniards are in the midst of Provence. The Emperor Charles V. threatens Marseilles. In that moment our fair Queen, become the aid-de-camp of the king her brother, returns from Avignon, where she has reviewed the French army. She speaks of it with chivalric enthusiasm. "The finest men (she says) are there in great numbers; also the best faces, the best talk, exhibiting their wishes to do you all the service which could be desired."

The letter of Mary Stuart to the king of Spain, Philippe II., is a touching and sad memento. It is dated from Sheffield Castle by a captive lady to a king suspicious, cruel, and inexorable. In these humble lines you would in vain seek for the fair Queen of Scots, the friend of Brantôme, of Rousard, of l'Hôpital, the haughty sovereign who added a poetical crown to all her other diadems. Mary Stuart is no more than the prisoner soliciting the aid and support of the king of Spain for a lady in her service, and who trembles lest she should be refused. "Sire and good brother,—The old friendship contracted between the Duchess de Feria and myself obliges me to care for her safety; and having heard that she has become sickly, and that the air of this country is unfavourable to her, I have undertaken to entreat you to order that she should try a change of climate," &c. &c.

Henry IV. writes in a soft flattering strain to Catherine de Medicis, his most cruel enemy; Charles V. honeyed compliments to Francis I., his odious rival; both lowering sovereign dignity by this dishonourable hypocrisy. Christine de Suède, a queen without a crown, and pensioned by the Pope, who had made a convert of her, writes in terms of most bitter rancour to the Cardinal Azzolini, who had announced to her, on behalf of the Pope, the discontinuance of this pension:—"You have conveyed to me the most agreeable news in the world... the 1200 crowns given to me every month by the pope were the only stain upon my life... I beg that you will return thanks in my name to the Cardinal Cibo, and to the pope, for the favour he has done me by acquitting me of this obligation," &c. All the rest is in this strain of concentrated fury—indignation under the guise of contempt. It is easy to recognise under this passionate irony the hand which killed Monaldeschi, to the great horror of the young King Louis XIV. The sovereign pontiff's answer to this letter was a smile. He sent to the queen the finest fruits of his garden. "She is but a woman," he said: a bitter insult for this queen, who pretended to be a king.

The letter of Ménéage is a little in the style of those I write to you—a sort of recapitulation of the news of the time. "The printing of the large Bible of M. Lejay (the Polyglot, in 10 vols. folio) is completed. I send you a sonnet by M. Chapelain. M. Blondel will send you the missing part of his 'Traité de la Sagacité,' the 'Traité de Schismes' will soon be published; the 'Traité de la Sibilité' books is now in type. Mlle. de Gournay is dead; our poets are composing her epitaph," &c. &c.

On the whole, and for whoever is interested in the march of intellect, in the progress of style, in the curiosities of the past, there is in the volume published by M. Matter an interesting retrospective review of the epistolary art, and, at the same time, a certain mass of historical information. This rapid stride through the course of centuries so varied is full of charm; and we know of no more direct way of communicating with by-gone generations. So beat that heart, now cold, for past centuries! These are the characters traced by that powerful hand which directed armies! This was the occupation, in the depth of her solitary retreat, of this woman, whose real character was an enigma

for her contemporaries, so interested in knowing her. Death, which levels all, has respected these flying pages; and, sport as they are to the winds, they are now transformed into oracles, into solemn testimonials, studied with religious care by attentive posterity.

The *Journal des Savants* has published in its two last numbers (March and April) a supplementary work of M. Mignet on Antonio Perez and Philip II. This work is founded on new documents of which M. Mignet declares he had no knowledge, and these new documents are no less than private and secret letters of Escovedo and Don Juan of Austria to Perez and Philip II. on their real projects; letters of Perez and Philip II. on the murder of Escovedo; lastly, the letter of the President of the Council of Castille (Don Antonio de Passos) on Perez and the Princess of Eboli, after the imprisonment of these two victims of royal jealousy. From what I have been enabled to gather from the terms of M. Mignet (who expresses himself with very natural reserve), these additional proofs have modified on many points the opinions expressed by him in his first work (translated into English, and judged with just severity by the *Literary Gazette*). So, under penalty of voluntary omission, to the work already published must be added this rather tardy recantation, which will somewhat damage the reputation of our brilliant historian.

His name, which is linked to so many academical speeches, just reminds me that we had last week the annual meeting of the five Academies, where each sends its representatives, and gives a sample of its powers. I need not tell you what heavy dullness attaches to these heterogeneous exhibitions; where an archæological dissertation is followed by a chemical analysis, and preceded by some fragment of epic poetry. So they have been obliged to find out for the end of the meeting something smart—for the end of the feast some light dessert, which would dismiss the guests in a somewhat less melancholy humour, somewhat less drowsy than they are usually after two hours of monotonous declamation. One man has been found to undertake to satisfy this particular craving of the good Parisian people, whom this solemn meeting always attracts, and that man is M. Viennet, Peer of France, author of many novels, of many tragedies, and of many political epistles (in verse!). M. Viennet is a fabulist in his leisure moments, and always puts aside, for the last ten minutes of the solemnity, five or six little apologues, which, owing to the time and place, and especially to the preceding dissertations, are always found charming. People laugh upon trust on the mere mention of the title of each little fable—titles, truth to say, most fantastical and queer, such as, "The Kangaroo and Death," "Jupiter and the Rabbit," "Bacon and Roses," or such like. The fable which this year has obtained the greatest success is entitled the "Greedy little Duck." It is a masterpiece of simplicity, which does not in the least remind me of Lafontaine, and which could only be applauded by the academical auditory. I will spare you the recital of it, as of the sonnet by Chapelain, sent by Ménage to his literary correspondent.

Our theatres shew no inactivity: far from it. But in the mass of novelty with which we are inundated, I see nothing worthy of being mentioned abroad. Yet, at the Palais Royal, the *History of Frisette* is distinguished by some novelty of conception. Frisette is a little embroiderer, who hates men because one of her friends, Louise Bernard, seduced by a young workman, was subsequently abandoned by him when on the point of becoming a mother. Louise Bernard died in childbirth, and Frisette has sworn to become a mother to the child of her friend. So she does, when, by a singular chance, a young man, who appears to bear malice against the whole female sex, comes as a lodger in the Hôtel Garin, inhabited by our virtuous Frisette. At first Frisette and he avoid each other most pertinaciously; but chance seems to have determined

to bring them continually together, and at last the double dealing of a grasping *portière*, who wants to be paid double rent for the same room, compels them to reside for a few hours very near one another. They begin by quarrelling; by degrees, however, a good understanding is established between them, and the young workman seems inclined to fall in love with Frisette, who has been represented to him as a very virtuous girl. At that moment the child of Louise Bernard is brought home from the nurse. You may imagine if this incident damages Frisette in the mind of her neighbour, who is ignorant of the real origin of the little anonymous being. More than ever he execrates women and their duplicity. But then an explanation ensues; Frisette discloses the name of her friend, and that name is just the name of the young girl by whom Gaudron (the workman) thought he had been deceived when formerly he abandoned her. So Gaudron is the father of the child adopted by Frisette; but her rights, sanctioned by law, are become irrevocable, and if Gaudron desires to recover his lost paternity, he must marry the young workwoman. To effect this, Frisette must be a consenting party, and Frisette views with horror the faithless man who formerly broke the heart of Louise Bernard. You see that the *imbroglio* is rather complicated. It is unravelled, however, and without much trouble, by the marriage of two young people whom the recollection of Louise Bernard, and the future welfare of the child left by her, powerfully contribute to bring together. There are in this little novel *bourgeois* some details which shock delicacy; but, on the other hand, a new situation, much interest, and gaiety, are to be found in it. It was successful.

The Jardin d'Hiver, established by some hardy speculators on the vacant space of the Champs Elysées, has inspired two vaudevillistes with the idea of a *pièce-prospectus*, recently produced by the Gymnase, and which is very poor. As for the Jardin d'Hiver itself, it is transformed in summer to a concert-room, when the Strauss' band, it is said, will perform marvels. In the mean time, the Hippodrome is open, and draws three times a week, even in the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe, the lovers of equestrian games.

### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre*.—On Thursday Rossini's well-known *Gazza Ladra*, founded on the old play of the *Maid and the Magpie*, was produced for the first time this season. Lablache, in the consequential and amorous old *Podestà*, acts and sings in a perfect manner; and it is most satisfactory to those who really enjoy the performances of this great opera-singer, to see that neither his will nor his powers of execution fail at all—he does nothing negligently or incorrectly, and, as the reward, remains a prodigious favourite. Fornasari sings the music of this opera with less effect than any other; he seems to lack that power of rapid articulation which is absolutely necessary in singing Rossini's compositions; his acting is, however, admirable, and the "make up," as it is called, most deceptive, Mario, being indisposed, was unable to give his solo and duet, though he contrived to get through the part of *Gianetto*. Grisi sang with more attempt at expression than is sometimes the case, especially in the execution-scene; but her actual vocalising was not so perfect and showy as usual: the present Brambilla is but a sorry substitute for our old favourite, her namesake—she requires much more study to be what this stage ought to command. After the opera we had one act of *Linda*, in which Madame Castellan sang with great taste and feeling; it is to be regretted much that nature has not gifted her with more power of voice. The bounding and joyous Cerito made her *début* in the popular ballet *Alma*, and again delighted the numerous audience, in company with her husband St. Leon. A very awkward blunder amongst the carpenters of the regions below, however, spoilt the effect of the principal scene. Just when the fairy,

Cerito, having yielded her heart to a mortal Greek, and the mysterious little sorcerer, Ferrot, suddenly appears to make her return to marble, the statue should shoot up before her, and she should descend the mysterious abyss; but, alas, the sorcerer stamped the signal in vain, no statue came, to the no small merriment of the audience. The whole evening's entertainment was received with evident satisfaction by the crowded assemblage.

*Drury Lane*.—On Tuesday, a troop of the charming little Vienna dancers, with some native additions, were added to the Thillon attraction here, and we should think were likely to carry the latter part of the season to a more prosperous close than was indicated in its earlier efforts.

*Lyceum*.—Richard Plantagenet is in London. We saw him last in company with Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, &c., at the Lyceum; now, thanks to the untiring energy of our Dejazet, Mrs. Keeley, the stronghold of burlesque. There it flourishes luxuriantly, and in that genial clime attains the extraordinary growth of three acts, almost the size of a full-grown legitimate brother. But why complain? Melpomene herself, if not a confirmed old maid, would relax her features, in very shame of her sulkiness, if she beheld the drofferies of the two Keeleys, F. Mathews, Wigan, &c., the splendid and tasteful dresses, the scenery so pretty, so glowing, that you are tempted, like Bulwer's Dreamer, to pray for the continuance of such blessed illusion, in preference to the wet without. The frame of the piece (no plot) is taken from every where in general and nowhere in particular, a mæxum-gatherum of all that's funny, running on in enviable and infectious contempt for common sense, time, and place; while the audience catch up each joke in turn, and spurn reflection as Richard himself, when, in a fit of pugnacious oratory, he is reminded that "he'd better not mention gunpowder, as it is not invented yet," and pooh pooh's down such trifling considerations. This sensible view of the matter typifies the whole piece. This was preceded by a new farce, *A Friend Indeed*, a most wretched affair.

### ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

#### Dramatic Chapters.

##### CHAPTER XIII.

SCENE—A village.—Peasants merry-making—JACOB very consequential amongst them.

Peasant. Jacob, give thee joy! We give thee joy, Jacob! 'Tis said thou art to be clerk of the parish.

So to appoint it.

P. The good minister? nay the good Jacob So to deserve it.

J. I do not want—success maketh a man proud; Nevertheless I assume no pride, peasants; Though clerk is a pretty name and a worshipful, Nevertheless I ask ye not to say Clerk Jacob! I say I ask ye not to call me Clerk Jacob!

Although every man's title is his right: *Delectus esset dignitatis.*

And Clerk Jacob's mine, if every man got his due. I confess that I have a pretty manner withal, And a voice of some mellifluousness.

Albeit it becometh not me so to exalt Mine own acquisitions: *principis cede.*

P. We give you joy, Mr. Clerk Jacob.

J. (smiling conceitedly).

Nay, good people; nay, of a verity I take it most unfriendly of you, As to the Mister—plain Clerk Jacob!

I would assume no dignity unworthy The occasion and the antiquity of mine office.

*Fitis nemo sine nascitur.* I pretend not To be better than my neighbours.

Clown. Now, as thou art a learned clerk, I put it to thee, Believ'st thou aught of witchcraft?

P. Witchcraft? Oh, la, neighbours, let us away. I dare never sleep alone o' nights If I listen to witchcraft.

J. Of what craft, good Master Clown?

C. Of witchcraft, sorcery, of bead and book; Of magic circles, round which dead men's bones Dance to the hollow drum of their own coffins.

J. Of a verity, Clown: did not the wisest queen, Ay, and the best old England ever crowned, Did not Elizabeth consult the stars, And summoned Dee, the great astronomer, Conjuror, foreteller, and Satan's agent, To name the day for her own coronation?

Believe in  
C. But th  
Eh, Jacob  
A student  
I spied the  
Pachmen  
If thou wo  
Shake ha  
Could sen  
Tell me, t  
Eh, good t  
J. Why  
As many  
Nathani  
No—well;  
J. What  
C. Nay,  
Thou lik's  
The ready  
Credulity  
Neverthele  
C. No, t  
A jest—no  
J. Thir  
F. There  
C. (solen  
Cause not  
C. I kno  
J. Why  
Twas jest  
Thou Gra  
C. Thre  
I know bu  
We say bu  
J. Not t  
Mak'st th  
Ha, good.  
A very ra  
C. Nay,  
I am mys  
Tell me n  
Gone!  
Jacob! C  
He's gon  
He should  
Peter say  
I've told  
P. Twe  
C. I lac  
Is good sh  
P. Sure  
C. Ther  
Will kno  
A bad co  
God!  
P. How  
C. Nay  
A bad co  
Muttered  
With thin  
For your  
P. We  
What ne  
C. Len  
Retwixt  
Then fol  
Hath an  
First do  
Cool in  
It matte  
But as I  
This Fal  
It's not  
Well! I  
Striking  
Tramp—  
As thou  
Into a c  
Such he  
Then a  
Heard g  
Had gay  
Once, w  
And inc  
P. W  
C. Wait  
And he  
Take m  
Wedde  
Of blac  
That ok  
Like a  
P. Th  
Hid wh  
Who he  
C. W  
P. D  
C. Li  
C. T

Believe in witchcraft? Of a surety, Clown.  
 C. But hold thy intercourse with spirits, thinkst thou?  
 Eh, Jacob! thou art learned; a reader, Jacob;  
 A student of sciences, I've seen; but mum!  
 I spied thee throat deep in old musty books,  
 Parchments, and piled papers; and I said,  
 If thou wouldst seek out knowledge, Master Clown,  
 Shake hands now with thyself; for here's the man  
 Could send thee home with every brain-shelf loaded.  
 Tell me, though honestly—now, good Sir Clerk—  
 Believ'st in "numbers mystical," Eh, Jacob?—  
 Eh, good Sir Clerk—good Master Jacob—Clerk!  
 J. Why, Clown—*quod homines tot sententia*—  
 As many men so many opinions:  
 Nathless I like not seeing...

[Clown interrupting him eagerly, and rubbing his hands.]

No—well; no more do I.  
 J. What?  
 C. Nay, I said nothing—did I? Well, good Jacob,  
 Thou lik'st not seeing—  
 J. Mystical numbers from all time have been  
 The ready heads of superstition, Clown—  
 Credulity the thread to hang them on!  
 Nevertheless I like not number seven.  
 C. No, thou lik'st better number one, Clerk Jacob;  
 A jest—no disrespect to thine office—a poor jest!  
 J. *Thirteen* at table suits my fancy not,  
 For thereon hangs a fatal prophecy.  
 C. *Solemnly*. Nine has been cursed!  
 J. Not cursed; there be nine Muses:  
 Curse not the Muses, Clown.  
 C. I know not what a Muse is.  
 J. Why thou amuses—ha! was I not quick?  
 'Twas jest for jest—a very nimble wit!  
 Three Graces...

C. Three?  
 I know but two: what's the third?  
 We say but two? 't' the kitchen.  
 J. Not know? then knowing not the third  
 Mak'st thee a graceless Clown!  
 Ha, good again, I faith—a spicy wit;  
 A very racy wit.  
 I am myself no indifferent carrier:  
 Tell me now—  
 [Exit JACOB.]  
 Gone? [Goes a few steps, and calls after him.]  
 Jacob! Clerk Jacob! earnest thou tell me...  
 He's gone, without hearing my best!  
 He should have heard my best;  
 Peter says it my best! Why is...  
 [Enter PETER.]  
 I've told it thee before, Peter.

P. Twenty times; thou searest my memory daily.  
 C. I lack counsel, Peter; construe me this—  
 Is good sleeping true sign of a good conscience?  
 P. Sure, as good eating is sign of a good appetite.  
 C. Then listen; for I have that wishal to tell thee  
 Will knock the feet of thy knowledge from under thee:  
 A bad conscience sleepeth not during the night—  
 Good!

P. How, good?  
 C. Nay, the conscience is bad, but the *imprimis* good;  
 A bad conscience walketh at midnight—  
 Nattereth to itself—holdeth discourse  
 With things invisible;  
 For your bad conscience hath a cowardly sight!  
 P. Well, well, get rid of thy bad conscience:  
 What next?  
 C. Lend me thine ear, and keep thy tongue close  
 Retwist thy teeth, thus, lest it slip to thy lips:  
 Then follows it, Master Peter,  
 [Whispering.]

Hath an evil conscience! I sleep over him;  
 First foot of all others from the ceiling  
 Cool in winter, hot in summer; I'm but a clown—  
 It matters not where I lodge.  
 But as I tell thee,  
 This Falkner waketh me all hours of the night:  
 It's not a little can rouse me, for I'm a hard sleeper.  
 Well! I start me up—midnight, the old tower  
 Striking one, two, three, and bolt upright I listen:  
 Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—to and fro; then a noise  
 As though some one threw himself heavily  
 Into a chair; then (nearer yet) groans—Peter;  
 Such heart-splitting groans: oh, dear!  
 Then a window slowly and creaking  
 Heaved up, as though the air of the place  
 Had grown too hot for him.  
 Once, when I could bear it no longer, I knocked,  
 And inquired whether he were ill!

P. Well?  
 C. Well; no reply—silent as fear: after  
 Waiting some time I returned to my loft,  
 And heard no more of him that night.  
 Take my word for it, Peter, if our lady  
 Weddeth him, the bridal wreath will prove  
 Of black flowers; a garland of erape,  
 With gloves to match; no man liveth long  
 That sleepeth not: they say he's been in India!  
 I like not people that have been in India.  
 P. Thou mightst as well tell me—they say he's not  
 Had his dinner; I like not people  
 Who have not had their dinner.  
 C. Well, peradventure I don't.  
 P. Don't what?  
 C. Like people who have not had their dinner.  
 P. Thy most marvellous reason?  
 C. 'Tis plain as a pikestaff.

People who have not had their dinner  
 Are empty; emptiness is folly;  
 Folly is depravity—dost thou mark?  
 Depravity is vice, and vice is crime:  
*Ergo*. It is a crime to be hungry!  
 People who have not had their dinner  
 Lack virtue; therein they are obnoxious,  
 Therefore in my disfavour.  
 P. Thou hast been in wise company,  
 Where thou hast found more *why's* than *wherefore's*;  
 But herein thou art unwise,  
 Therefore a clown!

C. A non sequitur, Peter—a non sequitur.  
 Thy civility is a little soured in the bleaching;  
 That is to say, thou takest liberties.

P. Let me take the further liberty  
 Of advising thee...

C. Ay, Master Peter.  
 P. Not to be over liberal with thy story  
 Of this Falkner: thou not liking him  
 Matters little, but his not liking thee  
 Might cost thee thy place. Be wary, Clown.

C. I will, an thou wilt own now I have a learning,  
 And a nice skill as to causes—quite in question:  
 Is do enjoy a bit of your deep philosophy—  
 I should like to dive, and bring up  
 Out of the great sea of knowledge

The why and the wherefore of every thing.  
 P. Keep as thou art, Clown; the sea of folly  
 Hath as many divers within it,  
 And the knowledge they bring to the surface  
 Is equally popular.

C. I had but little schooling worth calling;  
 But genius, Peter, genius makes up for it.  
 Old Leadline, the schoolmaster, owns to this day  
 That when only in two letters, I made them  
 Sound out like words of three syllables.

Ay, Peter, but fine scholarship's a fine thing.  
 I learnt just sufficient to puzzle my brains,  
 And so made me a clown! I'll get  
 A good thought, 'tis a blunder of nature!

P. Why, then, thy wisdom, Clown, might blunder here:  
 This Falkner, after all, may be in love!

Forgetful of his food—why, proof of love!  
 Absent when spoken to—sure sign of love!

Given to lonely musing—still 'tis love!  
 Sleepless o' nights—undoubtedly 'tis love!

Thy adder's nest will prove a very dove's.  
 C. Love? if that be love, I know no picture on't.

The love I saw was apple-cheeked and p'ump;  
 A game of forfeits in the rogue's blue eyes;  
 Love, Peter!—pish, go wash thine eyes, good Peter;

Love's ever where there's feasting—mind you that,  
 Love, quotha? I'd as soon wed the church-clock,  
 And be struck on the head all hours of the day;

Not but a wise man may be mistaken, Peter,  
 And one of less wisdom set him right.  
 Thou hast scholarship!

If I had sat on a Latin form for a fortnight,  
 Like thee, I'd have known the language ere this.

P. So, then,  
 Thou dost own that some are wiser than thou?

C. Ay, some are wise, Peter,  
 And some are other-wise, Peter!

I wish Jacob heard that:  
 Some are wise, and some are other-wise, Peter.

P. Come along...  
 [Seizing him, jokingly, by the ear, and pulling him off.]  
 C. Ha! you see I'm not to be led by the nose. [Exit.]

CHARLES SWANN.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONNET TO THE REV. DR. CROLY.

HARD falls the hand of Death! Upon the young  
 Most hard, who, bold or thoughtless, shew least fear,  
 As if he tracked them not, though ever near,  
 Till o'er their strength his iron grasp is flung.  
 He heeds not how the parent's breast is wrung  
 In anguish o'er a child's untimely bier.  
 By funeral honours—drum, and sword, and spear—  
 Or requiem by the cannon's boomings sung.  
 Croly! this lot is thine. Yet, taught to preach  
 Submission's laws, weep not the lifeless brave;  
 Be by example wiser thy lessons teach:  
 Think—though thy griefs our truest sympathies crave  
 For a lost son swept down by battle's wave—  
 He died the hero's death, and fills a soldier's grave!

JAMES PRIOR.

## VARIETIES.

*Art-Unions.*—Ministers seem to be irrevocably  
 set against the legalising the lottery principle in  
 drawing for Art-Union prizes. On Tuesday, a  
 deputation, headed by the Duke of Cambridge,  
 and consisting of Lord Montagu, Mr. Wyse, Mr.  
 Ewart, Mr. B. B. Cabell, and Messrs. Godwin and  
 Pocock, the secretaries of the London Art-Union,  
 had a long interview with Sir R. Peel and Mr.  
 Goulburn on the subject, but could not move them  
 from their position by any representation or argu-  
 ment. The question accordingly remains *sub judice*,  
 with the opinion of the Court hostile to it.

*The British Museum: Public Monuments.*—Mr.  
 Hume has moved for, and had ordered, a return  
 from the trustees of the British Museum, stating  
 any and what regulations they have adopted to  
 give effect to the recommendations of the Select  
 Committee on Public Monuments, dated the 16th  
 day of June, 1841, or which have had for their  
 object to grant greater facilities and conveniences  
 to persons visiting the Museum. It would be well  
 if something of a stimulus were given in the same  
 quarter towards indexing the vast manuscript col-  
 lection in the library, of which there is at present  
 only a mixed and unarranged written catalogue, in  
 twenty-five folio volumes, almost useless for refer-  
 ence.

*The Wellington Group.*—Passers-by will observe  
 that hoarding is in the course of erection round  
 the Palace-gate entrance at Hyde-Park Corner;  
 and we are sure the whole Capital will rejoice to  
 learn that it is preparatory to the placing of Mr.  
 Wyatt's splendid equestrian group in honour of the  
 Duke of Wellington upon the arch. Of this work  
 of art we have often spoken. It will now soon be  
 seen by the public at large, and our opinion of its  
 transcendent merit be brought to the general test.  
 At all events, if not allowed to be the noblest, it  
 must be allowed to be the greatest, bronze sculpture  
 ever produced in the world. The height is twenty-  
 seven feet; and a mounted Lifeguardman might  
 ride under the belly of the mighty hero's mighty  
 charger. But it will, we are convinced, be deemed  
 as splendid in art as it is unrivalled in dimensions.  
 May we see it in its place on the anniversary of  
 Waterloo!

*Dr. Billing,* on his retirement from the office of  
 Physician to the London Hospital, after twenty-  
 five years' duty, has been publicly presented with a  
 handsome piece of plate, in token of their attach-  
 ment to him personally, and high estimate of his  
 abilities and services, by his colleagues and pupils.

*The Jews in Russia.*—Sir Moses Montefiore has  
 been graciously received by the Emperor Nicholas  
 at St. Petersburg, and received permission for the  
 emigration of 10,000 of his co-religionists to Pales-  
 tine, or any other settlement which may be fixed  
 upon. His Majesty also desired Sir Moses to  
 visit his brethren in the towns where they were  
 most numerous.—[From the Jewish Chronicle.]

*Coal in Egypt.*—A letter from Syut, in Upper  
 Egypt, states the discovery of extensive coal-mines  
 in the oasis of Ghenné, on the Arabian side of the  
 Thebaid. The mineral is represented as being of  
 excellent quality; and the results of such an addi-  
 tion to the commerce and wealth of Egypt are  
 speculated upon as elements of incalculable pros-  
 perity.

*Duke of Gordon's Esquimaux on Count's Marriage of  
 Miss Mellon.*

An apple, we know, caused old Adam's disgrace,  
 Who from Paradise quickly was driven;  
 But yours, my friend Tom, is a happier case,  
 For a Mellon transports you to Heaven.

(From Fustell.)

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilberforce's, Wm., Esq., Practical View, fcp. cloth,  
 20th edit. 4s. 6d.—A Year and a Day in the East, by Mrs.  
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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Le rédacteur propose, mais l'imprimeur dispose: in our last No. the notice to correspondents respecting "Old Customs and Superstitions" referred to "copy" intended for that Gazette, but left out in making up. The letters will be found in this; and we think them full of popular interest.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

29 Cow Cross Street, 26th April, 1846.

Sir,—At the last meeting of the members of the British Archaeological Association I had the pleasure of exhibiting a coloured drawing by Mr. Thomas Ross of Hastings representing "a font, or piscina, until recently entombed in the wall of the south porch of All Saints' Church, Hastings." I adopted the term "entombed" as more expressive of the state in which it was discovered by my friend, and which my letter described as follows (*verbatim*):—

"It was plastered up even with the wall, with the exception of the lower part, which, projecting a little, first drew my attention to it; and it was eventually opened, as seen in the sketch. The basin had been lined with lead, a portion of which still remains. The date and object of this absurd act of Vandalism are alike unknown."

Now, Mr. Editor, it would be preposterous to expect in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* verbatim reports of all the communications to the Association; and, considering the press of other and far more interesting matter on the evening alluded to, it was hardly to be expected that minor contributions of this kind would have a place in your report. But I cannot help regretting that in your reporter's notice of the matter he should have retained merely the beginning and the end, and wholly omitted the middle, by far the most important part of it. This omission has had the effect of drawing from your correspondent, Mr. Smeeton, a highly interesting and valuable paper (and for which I thank him), but built upon a most dreadful misconception of my meaning.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, I am a guiltless as the babe unborn of saying, or even insinuating, that it was a "strange act of Vandalism" to build a font, or piscina, in the wall of a church-porch. But I do think it a most egregious act of Vandalism in after-times to literally entomb such a monument of ancient art by a thick covering of mortar and plaster, as if the very sight of the least traces of an ancient font were calculated to disturb the minds of the worthy denizens of Hastings on entering their parish-church. Let us, however, be thankful that they buried it rather than destroyed it; and at the same time congratulate those who have succeeded them on an improved taste in having at length disinterred it.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the Dividends on the Capital Stock of this Society, for the year 1845, are in the course of Payment, and can be received any day (Tuesdays excepted), between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.

By order of the Directors.

GEORGE HIRKPATRICK, Actuary.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME GRISI has the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that her BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, May the 14th, 1846, when will be performed the following celebrated Operas, entitled 1. L'OPERA; 2. ALMA PRIMA CROCIATA. With new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. Griseida, Madame Grisi; Arina, Signor Corbelli; Paganini, Signor Fornasari; Vilfredo, Mademoiselle Corbelli; Pippo, Signor Fornasari; Prior of the City of Milan, Signor Dal Fiori; Acciano, Signor A. Giubilei; Sofia, Madame Grisi; Oronte, Signor Mario.

To be followed by a DIVERTISSEMENT, in which will appear Madlle. Cerito, Madlle. Louise Tagliani, Madlle. Moncellet, Catera, Domini, and Madlle. Lucile Grubbi, M. St. Leon, and M. Perrot.

After which, for this occasion only, Guasco's Opera, entitled PROVA D'UN OPERA SKIA. Campanone, Signor Labadie; Valrico, Sign. Corbelli; Frlletto, Sign. F. Labadie; Violante, Mad. Babin; and Corilla, Madame Grisi.

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Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

## MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.

At the PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM, Castle Street, on MONDAY NEXT, MAY 11th, "THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND," on WEDNESDAY, the 13th, "THE OUTLAWS AND EXILES OF ERIN."

Admission, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

On TUESDAY, the 12th, "THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND," at the WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION, Leicester Square, on FRIDAY, the 15th, at the MARVELLOUS LITERARY INSTITUTION, Edward Street, Portman Square.

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## MONUMENT to the late ROBERT

SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D., POET LAUREATE, to be erected in Cross-street Church, Newick, the place of his interment.

The Committee have to announce that the figure of Mr. Southey is now finished in marble by Mr. Lough, so that it is hoped that the Monument may shortly be completed and erected in Cross-street Church. The request, therefore, that those Subscribers who have not yet remitted their Subscriptions will now do so before the first of June, either by Post-office order, addressed to the Treasurer, James Stanger, Esq., Leinster-street, London, or by payment at Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s, Bankers, Lombard Street, London, to his credit with the Cumberland Union Bank, Newick, for Mr. Southey's Monument.

The Committee regret to say, that the amount of Subscriptions falls considerably short of the expense of this tribute to genius and worth; and they would now express the hope, that before the Subscriptions are closed, on the 10th of June, many friends and admirers of the late Mr. Southey, who have hitherto withheld their support, may now be induced to add their names as Subscribers.

A corrected List of subscribers will be printed after the Monument is erected. Among those received since their former circular, they have the pleasure to acknowledge

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Mr. Lough has kindly given permission for any parties sending their cards to view the Figure on Thursday the 14th, and two following days, and on the Wednesday and Saturday in the two following weeks, between the hours of Two and Half-past Six, at 45 Harewood Square.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

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JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

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CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

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Printed by Charles Robson, of Number 51 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, George Levey, of Number 1 Clarendon Terrace, Camberwell New Road, in the County of Surrey, Printer, and Francis Barrett Franklin, of Paradise Row, Stoke Newington, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by William Armiger Scripps, of Number 15 South Molton Street, in the Parish of Saint George, Hanover Square, in the County of Middlesex, Publisher, at the Literary Gazette Office, Number 7 Wellington Street, Strand, in the precinct of the Savoy in the Strand, in the said County of Middlesex, on Saturday, May 9, 1846.—Agents for New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway.